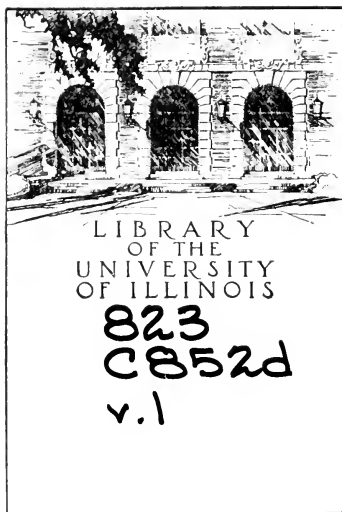




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THE
DOUBLE MARRIAGE,

A NOVEL.

BY

MRS. A. CRAWFORD,

AUTHORESS OF "THE LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER."

"Little avails it now to know
Of ages past so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old."

E. Mockler

LONGFELLOW.

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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THE

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

“ ——— ’Tis like a rolling river,
That murm’ring flows, and flows for ever.”
GAY.

“ My dear Miss Ellersly,” said Miss Kitty Chatterton, as one morning, attired for a riding excursion, in her skirt and polka jacket and whip in hand, she burst into the room where her friend was sitting, or rather reclining, upon a sofa, engaged in reading ; “ Who

VOL. I.

B

do you think arrived at Woodside yesterday evening ?—come, I will give you three guesses.”

“ A gentleman or a lady ?” replied Miss Ellersly, languidly laying down her book.

“ Oh a gentleman to be sure,” returned Miss Kitty ; “ ladies are seldom worth guessing about.”

“ It is Mr. Carrington, I suppose,” said Miss Ellersly.

“ No, not Mr. Carrington,” rejoined Miss Kitty, “ although he too is arrived at Seapoint, as he came yesterday morning by the coach, and has taken lodgings for the vacation just under the cliff.”

“ It is old Mr. Langley, or Mr. Stanhope, I dare say ;” replied Miss Ellersly.

“ How stupid,” exclaimed Miss Kitty, “ I thought you could guess better. It is Mr. Morley. Do you not remember you were setting your cap at him last summer ?”

“ How ridiculous ! What things you do

take into your head, Kitty!" said Miss Ellersly, looking much vexed.

"Do not be angry, my dear," replied the laughing Kitty; "I would set my cap at him myself if it were any use, for he is really agreeable if you can make him talk, although he always looks as if he had a mind to run away from one. He is not so young certainly, and I do not think he is so handsome as Mr. Carrington—do you? but he is not at all plain, and then he has a good fortune."

"I really never examined Mr. Morley's features as accurately as you seem to have done, Kitty," replied Miss Ellersly, peevishly; "but what does it signify, whether he comes here or not?—he is a confirmed old bachelor."

"Not at all, my dear, you are quite mistaken," said Miss Kitty; "I am certain he will be married to Grace Neville. I am almost sure they are engaged."

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Miss Ellersly, rousing herself from her indolent position ; “ Come, tell me, Kitty, why do you think they are engaged, and what do you know about it ?”

“ Oh, a great deal more than you imagine,” replied Miss Kitty ; “ the last time Mr. Morley was at Woodside, he left a large portmanteau there. This was as much as to say, ‘ I am coming back soon again,’ was it not ? And why should he come so soon again, if he and Grace were not going to be married ?—It is much before the time of his usual summer visit likewise.—Depend upon it, you will hear of the matter soon.”

“ Perhaps so,” replied Miss Ellersly, thoughtfully ; “ but how did you know about his leaving the portmanteau, Kitty ?”

“ I had it from the very best authority,” replied Miss Kitty, with some importance ; “ Harris, Mr. Neville’s butler, mentioned it to Betsy our cook, and said he should

like Mr. Morley to be married to Miss Grace, for he was a fine, open-handed gentleman; and now I am certain the large wedding cake in Mr. Pastry's window must be intended for them. I am just going to tell the Lennoxes all about it. I dare say they will be the bride's maids. I did all I could the other day to get out of Jane Pastry who the cake was intended for, but it was all to no purpose; she would not say, she is so close. I have no doubt Mr. Carrington will break his heart; I am sure he likes Grace Neville, and I rather think she had a fancy for him at one time. But what are you doing within, this beautiful morning? Do come and take a walk with me. I was on the point of riding over to the Lennoxes, but will put it off, if you will join me in a walk."

"Excuse me," replied Miss Ellersly, shortly; "I am not going out this morning, I want to finish this book—they have sent for it two or three times from the library."

“ Well, if you cannot come, I must go and take my ride ; I dare say we shall meet somewhere or other—perhaps on the walk this evening, so good bye ;” and so saying, Miss Kitty Chatterton left the room.

“ I do think I have vexed Miss Ellersly,” said Kitty to herself, as she descended the stairs ; “ but I cannot help it ; it is quite plain from what Betsey the cook told me, that Miss Neville is going to be married. Poor Miss Ellersly ! she is a dear friend of mine, but still I do like to tease her sometimes. How very old she was looking this morning ; I really think her day is quite gone by.”

Miss Ellersly laid down her novel and went into the garden to walk off her chagrin—she was too much out of sorts to read any more. Miss Chatterton was right, she had thought of Mr. Morley last summer, and it was the consciousness of it which had prevented her naming him ; when

Miss Kitty had bid her guess who was Mr. Neville's newly arrived guest.

The quiet governess of Miss Ellersly's little niece Lizzy, was sitting at a work-table in a distant corner of the room, during this conversation, waiting until her pupil came in from her morning walk.

What were her cogitations while the dialogue was going on between the two friends? Suppose we peep into her mind, and see what she is thinking of. She is a plain elderly woman, the daughter of a clergyman, and was obliged, like many others who have had better expectations in their younger days, upon the death of her father, to become a governess. In this way she has for the last fifteen years been creeping on through life, lowly and unmarked, but with a contented and peaceful mind.

“What constant companions, and dear friends those two ladies are! Vapid, uninteresting, and gossiping; these are the

electric telegraphs, which disseminate all the news of the day, whether real or imaginary, through this town of Seapoint. They are not naturally either ill-natured or malicious, but they talk at random, are fond of what is vulgarly called quizzing, particularly Miss Kitty Chatterton, who is younger, livelier, more thoughtless, and perhaps less censorious than Miss Ellersly. Both have minds equally uncultivated, and scarcely ever look into any book but a novel. Men have in general some profession, some study, or some occupation—work for the hands or the head. But women, if not engaged in domestic concerns, (and before marriage women have seldom much in that way to perform,) after they have done with their governesses and schools, have but little to interest or amuse them, except the grand concern of being settled in life. This, in many cases, frequently ends, if attained, in being wofully unsettled; if not at-

tained, in being disappointed, and having their tempers embittered. The best way is never to think about it at all. What are they to do with all their time then? The study of languages, music, drawing, botany; the circle of the sciences is all within their reach. If they do not like any of these, let them work ottomans, knit, net, crochet, anything for the sake of employment; but do not allow them to spend one half of their time in running, gossiping from one house to another, and the other half in perusing indiscriminately, and too frequently to the exclusion of all other works, the novels after novels which issue from our public press. Many of these, it is true, are clever, talented, original, and form a varied, attractive, and innoxious dessert if partaken of sparingly, after the intellectual soul has feasted upon more nourishing and substantial food. But though agreeable enough for a *bonne bouche*, just as you eat a bit of preserved ginger,

a piece of plum cake, or a buttered muffin ; they will as certainly enfeeble the mind, and unfit it for more profitable studies, as feeding entirely upon the above-mentioned dainties will give the gastric fever to the little glutton who devours them.”

Thus thought the quiet little governess—
“What a cross, ill-natured old woman !”
some will say.

CHAPTER II.

“ Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home ;
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.”

NUGENT.

THE town of Seapoint, situated in one of the southern counties of England, stretches out irregularly and picturesquely along the acclivities of an iron-bound coast for the length of at least a mile, extending itself here and there to the verge of the sea, which lashes against, and throws its white foam over, the rocks that have for ages opposed its progress.

On the inland side it is partly surrounded

by pleasant lanes, deep valleys, and undulating hills; and partly by an extensive common, over which the sea breezes blow so refreshingly, as to render it one of the most salubrious towns in England.

It is altogether an agreeable place to reside in; there are reasonable markets, good schools, and cheerful society.

A few gentlemen of moderate fortune, living on their own estates in the immediate neighbourhood, with the clergyman, medical man, and solicitors, who make up the most respectable portion of the inhabitants of a country town, mingled sociably together.

Among these, Mr. Neville, the banker, was accounted, and with reason, the wealthiest; and his eldest daughter, Grace, although perhaps some might have vied with her in beauty, was certainly the one who possessed the greatest amiability of character, of all the young people who helped to form the little world of Seapoint.

I do not mean to say that there were not many amiable young people there. On the contrary, there were some who were gentle, others charitable; others sensible, several very well meaning; many, perhaps, with more natural endowments and cleverness than Grace had; but Grace was the best educated, both as to religious instruction and solid acquirements. Her grandfather, an old clergyman, who had taken up his residence for the last ten years of his life with his married daughter, had carefully attended to her education; and although she was only fourteen years of age when he died, he had laid the foundation of religion, truthfulness, and good sense—all of which acquirements were invaluable in her after-walk through life.

Not that there was any thing very shining in the character of Grace: it was like that soft green on which the eye loves to repose. There was nothing in it to dazzle, nothing in it to overpower; but every thing that is

valuable in woman seemed blended there in its due proportion, as far as the frailty of human nature permits.

But, after all, it is not at the age in which Grace now is, that a character can be well described.

It is only time, place, circumstance, which develop the mind ; and at present, to all appearance, Grace is pretty, gentle, obliging, and rather timid.

The Society at Seapoint was, as I said before, good, in the common acceptation of the word. Nevertheless there was the same proportion as is to be found in every country town, of tittle-tattle going on. Little mischief-makings—unfounded reports—ridiculous suppositions—facts unostentatiously exaggerated by being diffused through the alembic of many minds, like the well-known story of the three black crows, which, when pursued to its fountain-head, proved to be—

“ Something that was as black, sir, as a crow.”

It is very true, however, that there are always people in those places who never hear a word of what is talked about on those subjects.

They are those who, either from being immersed in business of their own, or from having well-cultivated minds, give themselves but little trouble concerning the trivial reports of the day.

Such people contrive to keep themselves aloof from the bickerings, coolnesses, and differences which others fall into, and which are the reasons that many eschew a village or small town as they would the plague.

The family of Mr. Neville was of this class. He was occupied in his banking business; Mrs. Neville, a plain-mannered, sensible woman, was taken up in regulating her house, and instructing her two younger daughters, Emma and Lucy, assisted by Grace; while Grace herself had so many pursuits, some of a serious, others of a

lighter nature, that she was perfectly free from this prevailing foible.

Even her neighbour, Miss Kitty Chatterton, seldom ventured to entertain her with any of her various suppositions. Grace was a great deal too quiet and matter-of-fact for her; she thought her scarcely pretty, and not at all agreeable, and often wondered what the men saw to like in her. “Grace was a good girl, certainly,” she said, “and would make a nice wife for an old widower like Dr. Davis, with his six children: she wondered if he thought of her still. She was sure he did at one time.”

The last time she met Grace she had tried to tease her about old Dr. Davis; but Grace only laughed at her, and the more she talked, the more Grace seemed amused. This did not please Miss Kitty at all, so she went on another tack, and began to allude to a Mr. Frederick Carrington. At this Grace blushed and looked displeased; and

somebody coming up at the time, prevented Miss Kitty's further impertinence.

“Ha! ha! Miss Grace,” thought she, “I see how the land lies; but Frederick Carrington is poor, and your papa will never give his consent. I dare say, now, he would like that rich cousin of yours—at least, you call him a cousin, although I believe he is half-a-dozen degrees removed—Mr. Morley. I know every one says he is a confirmed old bachelor: however, we shall see; and, at any rate, I can have a fine quiz about him next time we meet.”

The opportunity soon arrived. Grace was returning from a country walk one fine afternoon, leading one of her little sisters by the hand, when she met Miss Kitty Chatterton riding.

Kitty stopped her frisky little pony, and immediately began:—

“Oh, Grace! so there you are, and quite by yourself, I declare,” screamed out Miss

Kitty. "What have you done with your beau, Mr. Morley?—I heard he arrived last night. Oh, you may well blush, and pretend to look surprised about it—everybody in the county knows you are engaged to him."

"I engaged to Mr. Morley!" exclaimed poor Grace, with much vexation. "Really, Kitty, you ought not to set such reports afloat: I assure you we have neither of us ever dreamed of such a thing. You know Mr. Morley is a cousin of my mother's, and it is very natural he should spend some time with us occasionally."

"Ha! ha!" rejoined Miss Chatterton, with a loud laugh; "you may say what you like, demure Miss Grace, but it is all quite true. You and he are certainly engaged. I told Frederick Carrington about it yesterday, and said I'd be sure to send him green ribands when you are married."

"Oh, Kitty, how could you tell Mr. Car-

rington, or any one else, such a story?" exclaimed Grace, trying to conceal her agitation. "Instead of setting such a report afloat, pray, Kitty, if you hear it spoken of, contradict it. You may believe me—I assure you, you may believe me—there is not a word of truth in it."

"Good bye, Grace! good bye!" said Miss Kitty, touching her pony, and nodding and laughing. "I contradict it, when I'm sure it is true!—no, indeed, I shall do no such thing. Mind, you send me a bit of the bride-cake to dream on, and pray send Frederick Carrington a large piece. Good bye! good bye!" And so saying, the thoughtless young lady galloped off full speed.

Miss Kitty had not proceeded far, however, before she stopped to speak to a group of young people who were approaching.

"How do you do, Bessie?—how do you do, Annie? Where are you going, Mr.

Carrington, looking so grave?—I am glad to see you out, Miss Ellersly ; I hope you have quite got rid of the heavy cold you caught at our last ball. Do you know who I met just now?—I dare say you met her too—though I don't think you could, for now I remember she was going the other way—Grace Neville all alone—no, not quite alone, her little sister was with her, but she was not accompanied by her intended ; I dare say she was expecting him. He is a gentlemanly looking man, though not very young. Is he not ? I always thought Grace was a sly one. Oh ! you must not run away, Mr. Carrington, you must wait and hear what I said to Miss Neville about you.”

“ About me, Miss Chatterton !” exclaimed the handsome but reserved-looking Mr. Carrington, while a deep glow could be seen upon his dark cheek.

“ Yes, about you, Mr. Carrington,” returned the giggling Kitty. “ I told sly

Miss Grace I would send you a bunch of green ribands when she was married to Mr. Morley."

"Miss Kitty Chatterton honours me highly by giving me so much of her thoughts," replied the young man coldly and rather haughtily.

Miss Kitty only laughed the more—touched her pony with the whip, then shook it at Mr. Carrington—nodded to the rest of the party, and galloped on.

Mr. Carrington walked on silently and musingly by the side of his two companions.

"It is very likely it may be a match," remarked one of the young ladies.

"Oh yes!" replied another, "Kitty Chatterton tells me whenever he is here, they are always together; and you know she must see all that is going on, for they are near neighbours, she and Miss Neville."

"Kitty Chatterton is very giddy," said a third, "but I do not think she would say

it so positively, if she had not some foundation for it."

"She tells me she knows they were attached before he went abroad," observed the first speaker.

"Very likely," replied one of the others; "Mr. Morley is a relative, and has been in the habit of visiting at the house since she was a child. I do not see why it should not be a match."

"Young ladies are always thinking and talking about matches," remarked Mr. Carington, rather sarcastically. "I cannot imagine what they find to talk about after they are married."

"All the girls say you will certainly be an old bachelor," lisped out a little girl six years of age, looking up in his face and smiling.

"I think I shall," replied he very gravely, "but no,—come Lizzy," and he stooped down to kiss the pretty child who turned

away coquettishly from him, “come, you shall save me from being an old bachelor.—If you promise to wait for me and be my little wife, I will come home from India in twenty years.”

“Oh, Mr. Carrington, you are not going out to India, are you?” exclaimed all the fair ones with one voice.

“Yes I am,” said he, still stooping down and caressing the little girl; “come, Lizzy, come, you must tell me; shall I return in twenty years from India, and make you my wife?”

“No, no!” exclaimed the pretty Lizzy, laughing, “you will be a very old man then—you will have grey hair.”

“What a prudent little girl!—true, I shall be an old man indeed,” and he laughed.

“But good bye, ladies—I see you are going in to dinner—let me open the gate for you,—I shall have a long walk over the hills before I return home to mine—fare-

well—*au revoir*,” and he kissed his hand gracefully.

The young ladies separated after they entered the gate, some one way, some another, to their respective homes. All agreed in thinking, upon the testimony of Miss Kitty, that Grace Neville was about to be married to Mr. Morley, or, at least, that she was engaged to him; and all wondered if it was really true that Mr. Carrington was going out to India.

It was Mr. Carrington's dinner-hour likewise, but he had no mind for dinner—his solitary mutton chop could wait for his return; so with long strides, and in a thoughtful mood, he turned his steps in the direction of the open common, from which a view might be had of the distant ocean.

CHAPTER III.

Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,

The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie,

Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,

Or look on nature with a lover's eye.

LANGHORNE.

THIS was holiday time, and Frederick Carrington, unshackled by his usual routine of school duties, could strike out at will into those long rambles and fishing excursions which, as a boy, he had so much delighted in; for though no one was more highly respected, or had won more golden opinions, than had Frederick Carrington, his position in life was no higher than that of an usher at a school.

His musings to-day were rather of a gloomy description ; yet at this time they ought to have been otherwise, for brighter prospects than he could have anticipated a few months before were opening upon him. His prospects were brighter, and in the morning his hopes were brighter too ; but Frederick was not a vain or a very sanguine man, and a few idle words spoken by the giddy girls he had accidentally met with on his way, had served to throw a dark cloud over those newly developed hopes.

Frederick Carrington was the only child of a respectable clergyman, formerly a resident in the neighbourhood, and who had been united in close ties of friendship with the father of Grace Neville.

Young Carrington was intended from an early age for the church, and received from his good father an education suited to fit him for so sacred a profession. His mother

had died early, and this training up of his only child had been to Mr. Carrington the great solace of his existence after her death.

Frederick had, however, the misfortune to lose this last and much revered parent when he was about eighteen years of age, and this heavy deprivation put an entire stop to his project of entering the church.

The small pittance his father left behind was insufficient to support him in college, and, by the advice of his friends, Frederick sought, and obtained, the situation of usher in a neighbouring school of high repute, it being patronized by all the best families in the country.

He had toiled on thus for six years, in the same school, and, at the time in which we write, was the head usher, on whom the weight and responsibility of every thing devolved. This sedentary life, and the constant cares attendant on his position,—for

the clergyman who was the head of the establishment was now a very old man, and unable to undertake any of the duties of the school, — did not agree with Frederick's health. Doctors looked grave. His short cough was attributed to symptoms of pulmonary disease inherited from his mother, and a change of air was recommended—change of air for a poor usher!

Just at this period an old schoolfellow of his deceased father, and whose name he had not heard of for years, unsolicited and unexpectedly wrote to Frederick to say that he had never forgotten the friendship which, in youth, had subsisted between the late Mr. Carrington and himself, but that until now he had had no opportunity of showing his recollection of it to his son.

The writer went on to say, that being on a visit with an old acquaintance at Cheltenham, he had accidentally heard from the

son of his friend, just returned home for the vacation from the school where Mr. Carrington was usher, of Mr. Carrington's having been educated for the church, and of the heavy disappointment he had experienced on his father's death, at not being able to make it his profession. That upon this, he had applied to the Bishop of Calcutta, now in London, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, stating the case to him, and mentioning how highly indebted he should feel to his lordship, if he could, in any way, forward the views of one, whose father had been his earliest and dearest friend.

The Bishop's reply was most favourable. He said that he considered a young man of Mr. Carrington's abilities and character would be an acquisition to the church; and that as he was about to have an ordination in a few weeks, if Mr. Carrington would

come up to London, he would ordain him as a literate—not having taken his degree at a university—and should a chaplaincy in India suit his views, he would be happy to give him an appointment there, whither he himself was about to return in the space of two months.

This letter was most grateful to Frederick in every respect. Grateful to his feelings as a son, from the proof it contained of the writer's early friendship for his honoured parent. Grateful as it related to himself, from the laudatory mention he perceived his young pupil must have made of him. The name was not mentioned, but it could be none other than young Talbot, a boy of good abilities, but nervous and shy in the extreme, with whom he had taken great pains, giving up to him as much of his leisure hours as he could well spare, all the other masters having pronounced him incorrigibly dull.

Frederick little thought when he took the dispirited boy in hand, that his kindness would be thus returned in a fourfold measure, and that he would be a stepping-stone to his entrance into the church, to which his inclinations and early predilections still made him turn many a longing look.

The boy had been a delicate child from his birth, and having been left in India—where his father had an appointment in the Company's service,—for a longer period than children are, in general, allowed to remain there, had acquired a constitutional indolence, which, with a painful degree of shyness, rendered it impossible for him, without the aid of some supporting spirit, to make his way in a public school.

The task learned with nervous anxiety, died upon his lips when called upon to repeat it, while his sensitive nature shrank

from the disgrace which a failure drew upon him.

Frederick had marked the unhappy boy turning from his untasted meals, and seeking, with solitary steps, the remote corner of the play-ground, where a row of yew trees shed a melancholy gloom upon the walk beneath, there to indulge, his playmates said, a dogged and sullen disposition.

Frederick had sought out the boy at those times, and endeavoured to insinuate himself into his confidence, and to study what might be the real temper of his mind. He soon found that young Talbot had kindly and honourable feelings, and no mean abilities, if he could be inspired with self-dependence, and taught to exert himself unremittingly.

The boy, whom kindness could mould into any form, while severity only drove him to despair and paralyzed his faculties,

no sooner perceived that he had found a friend in Mr. Carrington, the head usher, than a new impulse was given to his exertions. This was two years ago, and long before that period had elapsed, he had overcome the difficulties with which a too sensitive temperament had surrounded him, and did not yield to any boy in the school in displaying a full share of industry and ability ; and all this he owed entirely to the discriminating kindness and good judgment of Mr. Carrington.

But to return. This offer of a chaplaincy in India was too advantageous—coming too at a time when a change of occupation and climate were insisted on by his medical adviser—not to be joyfully accepted by our poor usher, and with it came other views too ; hopes sternly crushed in the bud, opened like the wild flowers trampled under foot, whose elastic stems rise refreshed by

the night dews. Grace Neville—yes, Grace Neville rose before him in her timid, quiet, feminine beauty. Others might be fairer, sprightlier, more accomplished,—but who was so good?

Grace and he had been playmates early ; he had often helped her to learn a hard task, and had instructed her in the biblical questions, for which she got her first prize—a pocket Bible, at the yearly examinations held at the school of ———, and for a knowledge of which her grandfather had given her so much credit, when he took upon himself the trouble of instructing her, Grace being only six years old then.

Often, as a boy, Frederick had thought, what a nice wife Grace would make for a clergyman. Then an old-fashioned parsonage house, half hidden among orcharding, not far from his church, with a few acres of glebe land and a good garden,

which he might partly cultivate himself, was the summit of his wishes. There must be a clear stream close at hand where he might spend a leisure hour in fishing ; and as a parson always wishes for a wife, Grace Neville made part of the picture.

But on his father's death he had banished all those visions, and looked, with a steady eye, on the realities of life. He saw nothing before him but the toilsome occupation of assisting in a school.

He met Grace occasionally, it is true, and she was always the same—kind and gentle.

She never seemed to remember that she was a rich banker's daughter, and that he was only a poor usher ; and he dined at Mr. Neville's house sometimes, but not near so often as he was invited, for he had always some plea of business, study, &c., to excuse himself, except in the vacation, and then he was obliged to go.

Mr. Neville never ceased to see in him the son of his old friend, one who stemmed the tide of adversity with a firm, unrepining spirit, and honoured him as such ; he did not suspect him of having any preference for Grace ; but had he done so, and had Frederick a competence, there was no one to whom he would sooner have intrusted the happiness of his daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Must I those joys, those hopes, resign?
Is all her friendship come to this ?”

ON the following day there was a dinner party at Mr. Neville's house.

He did not live in the town, but had an office there, to carry on his banking business. His residence was a pretty country place called Woodside, about a quarter of a mile from it, near enough for all the conveniences of a town, yet sufficiently removed to partake of all the enjoyments and accompaniments of rural life.

There were gardens and shrubberies, a lawn where the fresh-mown hay diffused its

perfume, and at the bottom of which ran a good trout stream—just such a stream as in his boyish days Frederick Carrington used to fancy he should like near his parsonage house. Altogether it was a charming residence. Grace and her sisters were fond of it, and in summer a bower in the garden was the spot where they most frequently pursued their studies.

Grace had been sent to a good school for a couple of years after her grandfather's death, and this had initiated her into all the routine of teaching, so that she made a very clever and efficient schoolmistress.

Mr. Morley had often stood by while Grace was hearing her two little pupils their French lesson, and had admired her gentleness and good method of instruction. He thought her a very pretty and amiable girl, and had known her from a child; but as to falling in love with her, it was the

last thing that would have entered into his head. He did not at all contemplate matrimony, and, indeed, considered himself, as did many of his friends, a complete and privileged old bachelor.

He was a cousin, though in a remote degree, to Mrs. Neville, who, as a girl, had been accustomed to pay frequent long visits to his mother. This early acquaintanceship he had never dropped, but had, ever since her marriage, been in the habit of coming to see her and Mr. Neville for a few days, before he went on his yearly summer excursion.

This annual visit was looked upon as a kind of *fête* in the family, and while he remained with them, a round of dinner parties generally took place in their circle.

As I said before, there was a dinner party at Mr. Neville's, to which all the neighbourhood were invited, and amongst the rest Frederick Carrington.

Frederick had no excuse to make, as it was vacation time, and he was an idle man for a while ; so, though rather reluctantly, (and he could scarcely tell this time why he was so reluctant,) he promised to join the party. Formerly the great disparity in circumstance and position between himself and Grace Neville, and the danger he incurred of fanning the fire of long-extinguished hope, made him, whenever it was possible, withdraw from the dangerous charm of her society ; but now he should meet her on different ground—his views, his fortune, his situation in life, were changed.

The truth was, Miss Kitty Chatterton's gossip had made a painful impression on the mind of the young man. Nothing seemed to him more natural than that Mr. Morley, a sensible man, and his own master, should fancy the amiable, unaffected Grace. In his eyes, she was the most charming girl he

had ever seen, and why should she not be so in those of Mr. Morley? He had not heard a rumour of this intended marriage, before his meeting with Miss Kitty Chatterton the preceding day, although the report was prevalent; nobody dreaming that it had been entirely originated and spread by Miss Kitty herself. He had been on the way to take his usual solitary walk, when he fell in with the group of young people before mentioned, all of whom he was well acquainted with, and it was with much pain he heard them confirm Miss Kitty's surmises.

This had given an entirely new turn to his meditations; and he was hardly aware himself what hopes this prospect of a chaplaincy in India had awakened in his bosom, until a sudden cloud was so speedily cast over them.

Nevertheless this dinner party, though so

reluctantly accepted, would, he thought, give him an opportunity of observing Grace's behaviour towards Mr. Morley. He had two months to remain in England, before he set sail for India, and a great deal might be done in two months.

The dinner party passed off like most dinner parties. Politics were discussed among the elder portion of the guests, and balls and entertainments among the younger.

Poor Frederick was doomed to the mortification of sitting near Miss Kitty Chatterton, and hearing her remarks upon the attentions Mr. Morley was paying to Grace. Mr. Morley, quiet, dignified and rather silent, might perhaps have talked a little more to Grace than to any one else. He was not very fond of female society, and thought it a great bore to be obliged to answer all Miss Ellersly's questions about French operas, ballets, and theatricals, places

which he seldom ever frequented, and in which he felt very little interest.

Miss Ellersly, who was an affected, and not very juvenile, young lady, had spent a few months at Paris and was quite *entêtée* about everything *Parisien*.

Now it happened that Mr. Morley did not like Paris. As soon as he was of age he had set out on the grand tour, and had visited, in turn, the capital cities of most of the countries in Europe; but this he had done, more with a view to literary and scientific pursuits, than mere amusement. His taste lay in another direction, and he infinitely preferred the solitary walking tours, in which he had indulged himself of later years. In this way, with his fishing-rod in his hand, and a sketch book and pencil in his pocket, he had walked through great part of France, Switzerland, and Italy.

Every summer saw him excursion in some

different direction from what he had done the preceding one, while the winters were spent at home in the old family mansion, where, immersed in literary pursuits, he felt no want of a companion.

To a man of this kind, the chit-chat of Miss Ellersly was any thing but entertaining; so it was no wonder if he addressed himself as much as possible to the quiet Grace, between whom and Miss Ellersly he was seated; yet nothing particular could have been detected in his attentions towards her, by any eye but the jaundiced one of Frederick Carrington.

Grace, however, was looking remarkably happy. A pleased expression played about her pretty mouth, and her soft hazel eye sparkled with unusual vivacity. The truth was, she had heard that morning of Frederick's good fortune, and a thousand vague and indefinite visions rose unbidden before her.

Frederick had never spoken of love to her since his young boyish days. Then he would help her to learn her lessons, pet her, and call her his little wife. As she grew up, the quick eye of female penetration read his secret — her fancies, her choice of plays were always consulted first. Her hand at the dancing-master's ball, or her side in the juvenile pic-nic parties, was always seized upon with eagerness. Then came the death of Frederick's father, and the consequent change in his prospects—no parsonage house — no gentle Grace to help him in his parochial duties, to visit the sick and attend with him the village school, now rose before him — he saw but a life of poverty and exertion. He knew that he had no chance of ever obtaining her hand, and he withdrew from bestowing on Grace those marks of preference hitherto so sweetly accepted by her; and, indeed, as much as

he possibly could, from seeing her ; but this last he found more difficult than the first. His character stood too high in the neighbourhood for his friends to permit him to separate himself entirely from them, so that he and Grace did see each other frequently ; although, perhaps a single word, or a bow, or passing smile, was all the intercourse they had. But Grace intuitively understood his feelings, and only loved him the more for the fortitude he shewed. She was satisfied in her own mind that Frederick preferred her to every one else ; and that it was only his poverty and sense of rectitude which prevented him from displaying that preference as formerly.

The gentlemen did not sit long after the ladies retired from the dining-table, but speedily joined them in the drawing-room.

They found them about to put on their shawls and bonnets, with the intention of

taking a walk, and proposed to accompany them.

No lanes could be more beautiful than the lanes around Woodside. The spring flowers were not yet gone, and the honeysuckles and wild roses perfumed the hedges.

After a little consultation, the party agreed to set off in the direction of a particular bank, where grew, in great profusion and quite wild, large patches of the sweet scented violet. The hedge rows were vocal with the melody of birds, and the brilliant red-robin, the delicate blue eye-bright, and the tall fox-glove bordered the edges of the lanes.

Grace glanced around to see if Frederick Carrington would not at least endeavour to join her. But no—Miss Kitty Chatterton had seized upon him, and was pouring forth her volubility into ears which scarcely heard a word she uttered, while Mr. Morley, fear-

ful that he should have to escort Miss El-
lersly, sought with apparent eagerness
Grace's side. The others followed so
closely in twos and threes, that a pretty
general conversation was kept up, and their
walk, through winding lanes and green fields,
then through a deep valley, and home by the
high road, gave pleasure to every one except
Grace Neville and Frederick Carrington.

A consciousness of how much she was
interested in him, and an idea that he
avoided her, prevented Grace from express-
ing to Frederick Carrington how rejoiced
she felt at his being about to enter the
church, and of his prospect of obtaining a
chaplaincy in India, while he saw in her
silence, and in the attention which he fancied
Mr. Morley paid her, a confirmation of Miss
Kitty Chatterton's intelligence.

"Yes," he thought, as he sat silent and
absorbed for half an hour in the little par-

lour of his lodging, with the one candle, which the attentive landlady had placed upon the table, as he entered, to light him to his bedroom, burning dimly with a wick two inches long. “ Yes, I see how it is—Grace is engaged to Mr. Morley, but I will have it from her own lips before I go to India.”

CHAPTER V.

“ In that mansion used to be,
Free-hearted hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board.”

LONGFELLOW.

A FRIEND had called on Mr. Morley a few mornings before he started on his customary tour.

“ Morley,” said Mr. Stanhope, “ have you a mind to join a party who are going to excursion into the Highlands of Scotland this summer? There are half-a-dozen of us who have settled to go.”

“ My good fellow, I should be most happy,” replied the other, “ if I had not set

my mind upon a fishing excursion to the Lakes of Killarney."

"I know you talked of it last summer," replied Stanhope, "but I was in hopes you had put it off until next year. Are you quite determined about it? I wish you would change your mind, and accompany us."

"All my preparations are made, and I start to-morrow," returned Mr. Morley. "It is not quite a fishing excursion, neither. —You know I have taken a turn for antiquarian researches lately, and there are several of the old ruins which I see mentioned in Grose's Irish Antiquities, that I should like to examine. Strange to say, amongst all the countries I have visited, I have never yet been in Ireland. The coast too, along the counties Clare and Kerry, is, I understand, very curious."

"Yes, I was there once myself," replied

Mr. Stanhope ; “ a wild, picturesque country. I ran over for a week or two, some years ago, on the invitation of an old school-fellow, Redmund Grahame ; a wild fellow, who was just come into his property thereabout. I hear he quite sobered down afterwards ; but how he kept himself out of the late disturbances, I cannot imagine ; for, as a youth, his politics, though a Protestant, were all on the Catholic side. By-the-bye, there is an extensive monastic ruin, in good preservation, in his grounds. I had better give you a letter of introduction to him. He is hospitable as a prince.”

“ The name does not sound like an Irish name,” said Morley ; “ it has not got an O or a Mac to it.”

“ Nevertheless, the family is truly Irish,” replied Stanhope, laughing ; “ at least, if a couple of hundred years’ residence in Ireland can make them so. I think I have heard

Grahame say, too, that his mother was an O'Donoghoo, or a Magillicuddy. But no matter as to his genealogy. I'll write a few lines at once, and you can either burn them or make use of them, just as you please. Grahame's aunt was married to one of the Clarkes of Somersetshire, which brought him over to this country for a time, when he was a young man, and threw him in my way."

While Mr. Stanhope was thus speaking, he had drawn a chair towards the table, and had begun writing the note in question.

Mr. Morley took it, with thanks, but he did not think he should make use of it. He was not fond of making new acquaintances. He was quite English, in the sense that our continental neighbours are accustomed to interpret the word; for he had all that distance and reserve of manner which puts on the appearance of pride, without springing from such a source.

A well-stored mind, always occupied in some intellectual pursuit, prevented him from feeling any want of society, and his love of independence, of having the power to take any route that sudden inclination prompted him to, made him prefer going on these sort of excursions by himself.

He liked putting up in an out-of-the-way place, fishing where there was not the trouble of asking for permission ; if there was no fishing he had his sketch-book—if there was nothing to sketch, he could botanize ; and thus he was used to make out his solitary summer ramble much to his satisfaction.

He had travelled in this most delightfully idle manner—delightful to him at least—through great part of Switzerland and Germany the preceding summer. One summer he had spent in Norway, another in Italy, and so on. Scotland he had been through twice, and Ireland being new ground, he

anticipated much pleasure from his excursion. Nor was he disappointed, though it was not exactly the sort of pleasure he had looked for.

After much wandering about, the month of August found him fishing, botanizing, and sketching alternately, in the remote part of the county Kerry, where Mr. Grahame resided.

He had no need to make use of his letter of introduction, in order to get sight of the monastery, which he understood was well worth the trouble of examination, for he soon learned from the peasantry that the grounds were free to all, to walk in and out as they liked. Broken-down fences—gates tied with an old rope—paths across the fields in every direction seemed to make a common property of it, whilst the family mansion, seen in a distant perspective through the thick copse-wood of oak by

which it was surrounded, and in most parts covered over with ivy, had in itself much more the air of an old ruin, than that of a gentleman's residence.

Mr. Morley had examined the monastery, which, although not mentioned in Grose's *Antiquities*, was very extensive, copied some curious, half-defaced inscriptions—filled his basket with fine trout from a stream which ran close beside it, and was returning home—videlicet, to the little inn in the neighbouring village, where he had put up; when, turning short from a lane towards a gate which led to a meadow, bordering on the high road, he beheld his passage intercepted by a vision of a young girl sitting on the top of the gate through which he was to pass. She was carelessly balancing herself, and swinging backwards and forwards her little foot, while she endeavoured, but without success, to entice a large dog,

who seemed to look up rather sulkily at her, to leap into the meadow.

“Come, Diver, come here—that’s a good dog—leap, Diver, leap!” exclaimed the girl in animated tones, with a sweet musical laugh, as she alternately beckoned to the dog, and then pointed to the half of the closed gate, which she had left vacant for him to leap over. But Diver, who appeared to be a species of water-dog, and who would have had no objection to have fetched from the water for his mistress stick, or glove, or whatever she chose to throw in for him, had no predilection for leaping gates.

So eager was the young girl in endeavouring to impress upon the dog the necessity of leaping the gate, that she did not perceive the stranger, who was standing close by, waiting to pass through it.

“Now, Diver, you shall get no supper until you leap the gate,” continued the laughing

girl, "here I am determined to stay until you leap—that's a good Diver—come, leap now—leap;" and the girl clapped her little white hands and laughed loudly, as Diver, apparently rather moved by his mistress's entreaties, made a half motion as if he would leap.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Morley had leisure to observe her.

She appeared to be little more than a child, although in reality she was eighteen years of age. Her straw hat was thrown so far back, that it would have fallen off, had it not been fastened under her chin by a ribbon; her gloves were lying on the ground, near the gate; in truth, she had rolled them up in a ball, and had been making Diver fetch and carry them, before she had resorted to the amusement of teaching him to leap. A profusion of fair hair, with a golden tint through it, partly shaded her deep blue eyes

and rather sunburnt face, while her smiling rosy lips displayed teeth *di perle elette*, as she by turns scolded and coaxed her uncouth favourite, while her short petticoat showed off to advantage her slight ankles and small feet.

At length she turned her head, and beholding a gentleman, with a sketch-book under his arm, and a fishing-rod in his hand, standing as if irresolute what he should do—turn back, or wait until she was tired of sitting upon the gate—with a sudden start, a deep blush, and a light spring, she was on the ground before him, gracefully apologizing for her apparent rudeness.

Mr. Morley had felt rather in an awkward position, while gazing on her, as she balanced her pretty little figure on this unusual resting place. He was puzzled as to what class of society she belonged, but now it flashed across his mind that she most likely

was a Miss Grahame, and he began directly to make a not very clear apology for having intruded into the grounds.

On this head she put him at ease immediately, by assuring him that every one who chose went to look at the monastery.

“Papa would be highly pleased,” she said, “to hear that a gentleman had been taking sketches of it.” As she spoke she glanced at the portfolio under his arm—what part of the abbey had he been sketching—she wondered; had he found out the best point of view? Mr. Morley became confused—an Englishman of his description always gets out of this kind of *rencontre* in the worst way imaginable, if he wishes to escape making an acquaintance.

Politeness obliged him to describe, though very unwillingly, the spot from which he had been taking the sketch.

“How I should like to see it!” was the immediate reply.

Mr. Morley awkwardly enough laid down his fishing-rod, opened the book upon the green bank, and showed his pretty tormentor the unfinished sketch.

“How Papa would like to see it!” was her next exclamation.

Just at this instant a sturdy little urchin came running towards them.

“Ju! Ju! sister!” he vociferated with the lungs of a boatswain; “it is tea time, we want our supper—it is past seven o’clock.”

“I am just going in,” replied Julia; “you shall have your supper in a few minutes; desire Thomas to bring in the tea kettle.”

“Well, make haste,” returned the child—“come, Diver, come with me,” and he scampered off with Diver at his heels.

“Papa will be very glad to see you, if you will come in and take tea with us,” said the unsophisticated Julia. “I will introduce you.”

Mr. Morley absolutely stared with surprise—"How forward!" thought he; but he looked again, and he thought, "How innocent!"

He was, however, on the point of stiffly declining her invitation, but the pretty lips said again, "Do pray come—Papa likes to see strangers—he will think me very inhospitable, if I do not bring you into tea."

Mr. Morley was vanquished. The letter of introduction was in his pocket-book.

"I believe I must introduce myself, Miss Grahame," he replied, after a short hesitation, bowing courteously and smiling—"I have a letter from an old college friend of your father in my pocket, Mr. Stanhope."

"Oh! I have often heard Papa speak of Mr. Stanhope," returned the enchanted Julia, her blue eyes dancing with animation as she spoke—"But why did you not bring us the letter? Papa would have been so

pleased ! He had a few lines from Mr. Stanhope a month ago, in which he said his intimate friend Mr. Morley might perhaps come in this direction."

Mr. Morley hesitated ; he was but a bad hand at framing excuses. At last he said—

" My stay in this part of the country was so very uncertain, Miss Grahame, that I did not think—I did not fancy—in short, I did not know that there was such good fishing, and so many interesting subjects for the pencil ;" and here the grave Mr. Morley felt a great inclination to laugh outright.

Julia was now quite at home with the stranger. This, then, was the identical Mr. Morley, that she had been expecting for the last month ; conjecturing what kind of a looking man he was. Was he tall—was he short—was he stout—was he thin ? until wearied with fancies, expectancies, and conjectures, she had at last forgotten to think about him at all.

She picked up her gloves, tied on her straw hat, and proposed to show him the way to the house. How gaily did she prattle ! with what simplicity, yet with what native eloquence did she express herself !

In their walk to the house, of about half a mile, Mr. Morley had found out that his young companion had never been a day absent from this wild neighbourhood ; that her mother had been dead six years ; that she managed all the family—kept house for Papa—taught her little brothers to read and spell—scolded the maids—petted the dogs—galloped about on the pony, and worked in the flower garden. How charming ! what a treat for a philosopher was this simplicity ! Not a word of operas or balls—no mention of “ When I was at Paris or Rome ”—no dissertations on paintings or statues, or the last new novel.

Mr. Grahame, who had been informed by young Christopher that he had just left Julia

talking to a tall gentleman with a fishing-rod in his hand, at the gate leading to the abbey, was standing outside the hall door.

Julia darted forward and whispered, " Mr. Morley, dear papa—Mr. Stanhope's friend."

Mr. Grahame advanced immediately, and greeted the stranger with cordial politeness.. When Mr. Grahame spoke, he had an open, frank manner, that was very winning; although, when silent, a dark shade of care rested upon his brow. The impression he generally made, therefore, upon strangers was favourable, and Mr. Morley was immediately taken by his courteous address.

A few words more, and Mr. Morley felt that he was received upon the footing of an intimate acquaintance; and this feeling is often very pleasing to a reserved man, who shrinks from the task of making his way amongst strangers.

But though the reception given him by

his unexpected and unsought-for host was every way agreeable, Mr. Morley could not but observe the air of complete desolation which overspread both the exterior and interior of the mansion.

The house without, would have been a forlorn-looking ruin, had not ivy, with its long tendrils, concealed the cracks and crevices of time. Within, the rooms were uncarpeted, the windows without curtains, the paper old, the ceilings discoloured, every thing, in short, marking it as a complete Castle Rackrent.

The children were of all ages, and came rushing in, looking for their tea from Julia, who appeared to be the eldest amongst them. Fine, open-countenanced, unkempt boys with patched knees and elbows ;—all the mending for them, if the truth was known, done by Julia's hand ; for though wild as themselves, and almost self-taught, her fingers were

nimble at her needle and scissors as those of a fairy might be, and she was always ready good-humouredly to answer the various appeals of—"Ju, my elbow has got a great hole in it,"—or "Do, Ju, sew this button upon my coat.'

The tea-table, however, looked very comfortable, as they all assembled round it, leaving a chair on Julia's left hand vacant for the stranger, who, at a motion from Julia, took his seat beside her. Thomas, the stable boy, had brought in the urn; Julia was making the tea, and already piles of hot cake and bread and butter began to disappear, when all of a sudden there appeared to be a great commotion amongst the young people. Every one jumped up—some pushed a chair here, some there, "Thomas, more cups and saucers,"—"Thomas, more hot cake."

"What's the matter, my dears? what's

the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Grahame, who had been talking to his guest across the busy Julia, who was filling cup after cup with indefatigable perseverance; "What is all this noise about? why do you not sit still?"

"Oh, here's Aunt Milly and Cousins Mary and Jane, and Ellen, and James, all come to take tea with us—there they are, coming up the avenue," cried out half-a-dozen voices at once.

"Well, we shall be delighted to see them, they are just in time," replied Mr. Grahame.

"Run, Sam, and open the door," whispered Julia softly, to a little urchin at her side, "and bring them in; I have sent Thomas for some more cream."

Little Sam was always at Julia's beck, and scampered off to do her bidding.

CHAPTER VI.

“Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.”

GOLDSMITH.

PRESENTLY the door opened, and little Sam, a boy about six years old, with round rosy cheeks, and a dirty pinafore, ushered in the newly-arrived guests.

A good-humoured, elderly, unmarried lady, designated as Aunt Milly, entered first, followed by three pretty-looking girls, rather flushed from walking fast, to be in time for tea. Immediately after them came cousin James, a good-looking youth of eighteen.

Salutations and introductions now took place. Aunt Milly being a great favourite,

was heartily welcomed by all the young folk.

“ I am so glad you are come this evening,” said Julia to Jane, who happened to be the nearest to her ; “ this is just the evening we wanted you most.”

Jane nodded and smiled, took off her bonnet, and hung it on the back of her chair, and with a slight shake of her head shook a profusion of dark curls over her shoulders—she was a brunette.

“ She is pretty too,” thought Mr. Morley, “ but not near so pretty as Julia.”

The scene at the tea-table was rather a boisterous one. The younger urchins sidled towards their pretty cousins, and two or three favourite dogs came begging for their shares of cake and bread.

The merits of a new pony, Ellen’s papa had bought for her, were discussed, and a ride on it promised to little Sam, provided

he did not put his greasy fingers upon her white dress. Cousin James alone was silent. He did not half fancy seeing the stately-looking stranger busily employed in handing the cups and saucers backwards and forwards for the smiling Julia; *that* corner at her left hand used to have been always taken by himself.

However, it was altogether a very merry tea-table, and there was something quite new about it to Mr. Morley. Mr. Grahame had relapsed into a taciturnity that had become habitual to him; but Mr. Morley was so occupied in attending to Julia—reaching her the cream, the sugar, &c.—that he had no time to observe either that, or the melancholy expression which had taken possession of his host's countenance.

At length tea was over—the young people looked at each other. What was to be done next?

Julia said something to Mr. Morley about the adjoining room being cooler, and moving her chair, rose from the table.

With the exception of Mr. Grahame, all the party rose simultaneously, and followed the footsteps of the fair Julia, who led them into a large, half-furnished apartment. It was dignified with the name of the drawing-room, but had little pretensions to that title, being the place where Julia taught her noisy scholars every morning.

The girls had laid aside their bonnets and slight scarfs, and, seating themselves in a circle, began to consider what was to be done.

It was too warm, particularly as they should have a long walk home, for Blind-man's buff, or Hotcockles. — What then should they play at?

Should it be, Cupid is coming—how is he coming?

“O, that is stupid!” exclaimed Thady.
“Do, Jane, let us have Friar's land.”

“O no,” screamed out Billy, “we’ll have Blindman’s buff.”

“Blindman’s buff! Cupid is coming! Hotcockles,” secretly ejaculated the amused Mr. Morley; “what are we to have next?”

“Come Ju’ — you are to choose,” exclaimed another voice, “we are losing time.”

“Suppose we play the market-gardener,” said the animated Julia.

There was a general clapping of hands among the younger folk.

“That will do — that will do — I’ll be *colliflower* — I’ll be *celery* — I’ll be *spinage*, and what will you be? and what will you be?” resounded through the room.

“What would Mr. Morley be?” many voices demanded.

“Must I play too?” he replied laughing outright; “if so, I will be any thing you like to call me.”

“O but you must choose,” Julia exclaimed.

“In that case I will be *sage*,” returned Mr. Morley.

“Just suits you,” said saucy Thady, clapping his hands.

The play began—Aunt Milly had chosen to be named *apple*. The great amusement among the children seemed to be, to call out *apple*, *sage*, and *onion*, that they might have the pleasure of seeing good-humoured Aunt Milly and Mr. Morley changing places with the rest.

Julia made a charming gardener’s wife, and looked so graceful and pretty when it came to her turn to stand in the midst of the circle, that Mr. Morley could not take his eyes off her.

Soon, in the rapid change of places, Mr. Morley, himself, lost his chair, and had to act the gardener, and, for a philosopher, he

did not give his narration, or choose his vegetables and flowers amiss.—On the contrary, he did it with a good deal of spirit.

His position amused him amazingly.—What! he, the grave, retiring Everard Morley to find himself acting small plays, with a parcel of children. — It was really too preposterous.

At length the party seemed out of breath from playing the market-gardener, and by common consent, there was a general pause.

Something more quiet was necessary for the exhausted group, and after a short consultation, the play of questions and commands was fixed upon.

Here Mr. Morley was again quite at fault. Julia, however, offered to instruct him, and placing himself at her side, the pretty rosy lips soon initiated him into all the mysteries of the game.

The forfeits were numerous, and now they

were to be cried. Aunt Milly, who had received them into her possession, as they were paid in, gravely held them up, one by one, demanding what commands should be laid upon the owner of each before it should be released; while the sprightly Jane, who had been blindfolded for the purpose, gave the award.

“Fine, very fine, superfine!” exclaimed Aunt Milly, and she held up to view a ring, which, with various gloves, bracelets, tortoise-shell combs, balls, tops, &c., had been deposited in her lap. “What is the owner of this forfeit to do?”

“To form a nosegay, and choose a flower,” replied the blindfolded.

It was Mr. Morley’s ring, and with a little explanation Julia taught him what he was to do.

Carnation, heart’s-ease, violet, sweet-william, &c. &c., were all pointed out in turn.

Julia was the last named—a moss rose ; and Mr. Morley led her, smiling and blushing, into the centre of the room, as the chosen flower.

Two or three other forfeits were cried and released, and Mr. Morley admired the quickness with which the young urchins performed the commands laid upon them.

Again Aunt Milly's voice was heard, "Fine, very fine, superfine ! What is the owner of this forfeit to do ?" and Julia's tortoise-shell comb was held up.

"To go into the corner of the room nearest the door, personate a ballad-singer and sing a ballad," was the response.

"O Jane," exclaimed the somewhat confused Julia, rather reproachfully, "you guessed it was my comb."

"Not at all, my dear," replied Jane, "it might just as well have been Sam's new top, and then he would have given us the 'Cruiskeen Lawn.' Would not you, Sam ?"

“Yes, I would,” said Sam, sturdily.

“You must sing, Julia,” they all exclaimed with one voice, and Julia, taking her appointed place, sang as follows :—

I was not thus, ere first I saw thee,
Despairing, weeping—lost as now—
Then beauty’s wreath was twined around me,
And peace sat smiling on my brow.

The world may bitterly revile me,
Accuse, condemn, neglect, degrade—
But *thou*—Oh *thou* shouldst not despise me,
For what I am—thyself hast made.

Oh thou must look with pity on me,
My talents gone—my genius fled,
And she whom thou once thought so lovely,
Will soon be number’d with the dead.

Yes, brighter eyes may beam upon thee,
Before thee fairer forms appear,
But well thou know’st what thus has chang’d me,
Ah, say—should not that change endear !

Nought now remains of all my beauty,
But blighted youth and faded bloom,
And this sad, breaking heart assures me,
I soon shall sink into the tomb.

And when the cold clay is strew'd o'er me,
And of this form but dust remains,
Wilt thou not *then* shed one tear for me,
And think of her the earth contains ?

Mr. Morley was not at all what is called fond of music. He vastly preferred the notes of the thrush and blackbird, to those of Grisi or Jenny Lind, and had often been in Paris when the finest singers displayed their powers at the opera house, without once going to hear them. Nevertheless, there was something in the plaintive air, which Julia rather breathed forth than sung in a soft, low, contralto voice, with an exquisitely clear enunciation, that gave him a sort of thrilling pleasure which he had never experienced before ; and when she had finished, he felt that he should like to hear her sing it all over again.

Was it that he had begun to love music, or that until now nobody had ever sang in such a manner as to please him ?

But everything must have an end, and the evening was now at its close. Aunt Milly bade the girls put on their scarfs and bonnets.

Mr. Grahame, who had been sitting moodily by himself in the parlour, heard the preparations for a departure, and came in to bid them good night.

He expressed much gratification at Mr. Morley's having honoured his poor house so much by remaining with the young folk—shook him cordially by the hand, and hoped to see him soon again.

Aunt Milly's party left the house at the same time with Mr. Morley, but their roads lay in different directions, and they separated at the end of what was called the avenue, with polite adieus from the young people, and a hope expressed by the good-humoured Aunt Milly that their new acquaintance would turn his steps some morn-

ing in the direction of Ash Hill, which was the name of their residence. This hope was re-echoed by the three girls ; their father, Mr. Nugent, would, they were sure, be most happy to see him. Cousin James alone, preserved a profound silence.

Mr. Morley mused upon the events of the past evening with mixed sensations which can hardly be explained ; and which, perhaps, he would have found it very difficult to define himself.

Now it was something very like a feeling of shame that he experienced. What would not his English friends and acquaintances have said if they had seen him acting market-gardener in that dilapidated old room, with those young girls and children ? And then he thought what could it signify even if they had seen him ? when had he enjoyed such a buoyancy—such an exhilaration of spirits as he did at that present moment ?

Not since he was a school-boy—not since he had

“Chased the rolling circle’s speed,
And urged the flying ball.”

It was like a renovation of youth, yet there was something so comic to him in it, that he laughed at himself all the way, as he walked back to the inn, or rather public house, where he was located, and every time he woke that night he laughed aloud, so vivid was the impression made upon his fancy.

In his sleep he was haunted by visions of the most grotesque description. Now he was a marigold growing in the garden, and the gay Julia was a moss-rose beside him. Aunt Milly was a huge artichoke, while numerous vegetables, fruits, and flowers, alive, and gabbling away as fast as they could, whirled and danced before his astonished eyes in fantastic array.

During his breakfast on the following morning, Mr. Morley had his pencil and paper beside him, and, while he revolved in his mind the sports of the preceding evening, and thought what an inimitable picture a Teniers or an Ostade would have made of such a scene, he endeavoured to group and sketch the principal actors in it.

But although Aunt Milly and little Sam in his pinafore, with himself as market-gardener, and some of the other figures, were delineated to his satisfaction, he found that the graceful Julia eluded his pencil.

Then he began to think of Julia as he would have done of a new sort of cowslip or harebell — something to be examined more minutely by a botanist or a philosopher; in short, as a variety of a species which, though in the aggregate he did not much value, yet, as being unlike any thing he had yet seen, he wished to have another view of.

He had never from a boy cared about female society. When he inhabited his old mansion house he lived shut up in his study during the winter months, surrounded by literary lumber—poring over abstruse authors, or else taking pen in hand, and writing a philosophical essay, or a political pamphlet, and that too in the best style, as the humour took him.

Then in summer he had his walking rambles, his fishing rod, with Isaac Walton in his pocket, his botanizing and his sketching. His mind, always at work, made a world for itself.

Perhaps we ought to give some description of the person of Mr. Morley.

Everard Morley then, at this period, was about thirty-four years of age; but, partly from the intense study to which he had at times accustomed himself for a series of years, and which had indented his forehead with the

lines of thought, and partly, it may be, from exposure to sun, wind, and weather, when he was on his walking tours, he looked at least ten years older than he really was.

In his appearance he was more a fine and striking-looking, than handsome man, the only very good feature in his face being his eyes, which were dark, brilliant, and intellectual; and when he smiled the expression about his mouth was remarkably pleasing. But as, in general, his air was abstracted, his eyes downcast, and he but seldom smiled, those points of attraction in his countenance were usually unmarked, particularly as he rather retired from, than sought society.

CHAPTER VII.

“ But whispering tongues can poison truth.”

COLERIDGE.

WHAT were the inhabitants of Seapoint doing, while Mr. Morley was thus pleasantly passing away his time ?

His absence did not in the least diminish the reports that were in circulation of his intended marriage with Grace Neville.

The large wedding cake still stood in Miss Pastry’s window—an object of admiration, for its ornamental architecture, to all the passers-by ; and it was whispered about that a box, no doubt containing some fashionable articles of dress, had arrived from London lately, directed to Miss Neville.

It was likewise reported that Mr. Neville had been seen going into the jeweller's shop at Seapoint more than once,—that Miss Every, the milliner, was employed in making up “sweetly pretty” white silk bonnets, lined with pale pink, for Grace's two little sisters, and that Miss Cotton, the dress-maker, was finishing off a lavender-coloured, brocaded silk dress, very handsomely trimmed, for Mrs. Neville.

Now all these circumstances, though each in itself signified but little, amounted when put together—at least, so Miss Kitty Chatterton observed to all her young friends—to proof positive that Grace Neville would be married to Mr. Morley immediately on his return from Ireland. This she thought likely to take place about the end of August, which would, probably, bring the wedding to the middle of September.

Added to this, she had just heard that

Mr. Neville had been ordering a new carpet for his drawing-room ; now every one knew that Mr. Neville hated buying anything for his house. She had a thousand times heard him laugh at people who talked of their furniture being old fashioned ; he always said what was substantial and convenient was good, and his drawing-room carpet was a good thick Brussels, only a little faded near the window. Nothing but a wedding would make him open his purse strings, on such an account. And then, more mysteriously, did Miss Kitty add to all this weight of evidence,—how Mr. Morley's great portmanteau still kept its place in the corner of the blue state bedroom.

Miss Kitty doubted, however, if it would be a happy match. She was sorry to perceive that Grace Neville was looking pale and dispirited.

Thus did the report still continue to cir-

culate, and Frederick Carrington's ears were agonized with speculations of "whether Mr. Morley would continue to reside in the retired spot which he had in Wales?" or "whether he would take a house at Seapoint?" "whether it was not probable that he would take Grace abroad?" "was it likely that after marriage he would be able to give up so much time to literary pursuits?" &c., &c.

There was canvassed the improbability of Mr. Morley ever making a domestic character. True, he was very fond of retirement; but then, all his time was spent in writing.

When he went from home, his walking tours were always solitary; he wished for no companion. If in London, his time was passed in the company of men whose tastes assimilated with his own. Mr. Neville's house, in short, was the only place where—as a snail sometimes emerges from his shell

—Mr. Morley was accustomed to enter a little into general society ; and when there, although he did not refuse to mingle in the circle of their acquaintances, yet he certainly was not any addition ; for he neither danced nor played on the flute, nor took a hand at cards, nor made himself useful in any way. Truly they did not envy Grace Neville's lot, in being married to him.

Thus talked Miss Ellersly and Miss Kitty Chatterton to the unfortunate Frederick Carrington, who, finding himself accidentally seated between them, at an evening party at Dr. Davis's house, could in no way escape.

At last he could bear it no longer, and starting up, exclaimed—

“ I know, Miss Ellersly, you are waiting for another cup of tea—how stupid of the servant not to bring the tray round again ! I will bring you one in an instant.”

It was in vain Miss Ellersly thanked Mr. Carrington, and assured him she did not want any more tea—he was off to search for it.

And all this time Grace was sitting near her mother at the other end of the room, looking gentle, beautiful, and rather melancholy, for she thought “how can I have offended Frederick Carrington—he has never been once near me since he entered the room?”

No—Frederick had not approached her since their first salutation.

Grace did not know how much he would have given to have been at her side. To have told all about his preparations for India—his prospects in going out there—how hard he was already studying the Hindostanee language—to paint to her what he thought would be the onerous duties of a clergyman among the benighted natives.—Of

the schools he would have to labour in, and to hint how useful female influence had already been found in those schools.

And now tea was over, and they were to have some music. Grace Neville both played and sung sweetly, and as it accidentally happened that she was seated near the piano, she was the first person Miss Davis requested to sing, as she opened the instrument and began to arrange the music. Miss Davis was the doctor's sister, and did the honours of the house.

"I know, Miss Neville, you sing this beautiful duett, for I remember hearing you once sing it with Mr. Carrington at Woodside," she said, and turning round she beckoned Frederick to come over.

Miss Davis had opened the music-book, at the sweet old duett of—"I've wandered in dreams."

Frederick approached. He expected that

Miss Neville would have asked him to sing second. But no, Grace would not sing at all this evening—she could not—she had a cold.

Miss Davis was so sorry, she was so fond of this duett—she did not think singing *first* would distress Miss Neville much, Mr. Carrington's *second* would support her voice—perhaps Mr. Carrington could prevail on her.

Frederick said something, almost unintelligible, about “honour and pleasure ;” it was not like his former manner Grace thought ; something there was in it cold and constrained. Grace repeated her plea of having a cold, and her voice did seem hoarse as she spoke.

The truth was, she felt a choking sensation in the throat, which rendered it impossible for her to sing.

Her mother looked at her with some surprise and a good deal of anxiety.

“My dear Grace,” she said, “I am afraid you did not wrap yourself up properly this evening coming out.”

Dr. Davis, on hearing his sister mention Miss Neville’s reason for not singing, came over to her and besought her, if she felt any soreness of the throat, to put on a linseed poultice immediately when she went home, for the scarlet fever was going about the town, telling her, in his softest accents, that he would call and see her on the morrow.

Poor Grace !—how little do the sitters-by at a party, know all that is passing in the heart of a young girl like you. What tumult of the spirits when one person approaches—how each look, each accent is weighed. What chagrin, what wearisomeness, when attentions are preferred by another.

Coldness and distance from the secretly beloved—interest expressed by him who is considered as a *bore*.

Truly the world is a stage, and all the men and women in it players.

Miss Ellersly went home that night happy and elated ; for Mr. Carrington on the point of going to India—and so many men going to India look out for a wife at the last moment — had sat beside her all the time, put cream and sugar into three cups of tea for her, and had actually gone in search of a fourth—so kind of him, was it not ? because he had heard her say before the tea-tray was brought in, that she was dying for a cup of tea ; while Grace Neville languidly told her father at breakfast — although she had not caught the threatened sore throat—that he had had no loss in not being at Dr. Davis's party the preceding night, for that she had never spent so dull an evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

“The maiden stood at her garden pale,
In hopes her love t’espied.”

OLD BALLAD.

“GRACE NEVILLE looked very pale last night. I do not think she felt well,” thought Frederick Carrington, relaxing the speed with which he had been climbing up a narrow path, leading to the summit of one of the steepest of the cliffs which, piled one upon the other, seemed to guard the coast about Seapoint from the encroachments of the ocean. “She was so silent too!—I am sure she has read my heart, and that she pities my disappointment. Yes, I will have

the truth from her own lips—I will ask her if she is engaged.”

The time was arrived for Frederick to present himself before the Bishop of Calcutta. A letter from one of the Bishop’s chaplains advertised him that the ordination was to take place in a few days.

He therefore left Seapoint to attend the summons, determining that on his return, should every thing turn out favourably for him with the Bishop, nothing should prevent his coming to a full explanation with Grace. He thought he should sail for India with a mind more at ease, if he opened his heart to her, although he assured himself over and over again such a disclosure could be of no use—Grace must be irrevocably engaged.

Still a little hope, almost unknown to himself, *did* linger in the depths of his soul, as busy memory, despite his efforts to re-

press her, would recall past days and early friendship — and trace out a similarity of tastes and opinions.

“ I have no doubt I shall learn to forget her, though perhaps at first it may be a hard task,” thought he with a sigh ; “ and in India I shall have a vast field for labour and exertion, but I have never yet seen the woman so calculated to soften the ills, and enhance the blessings of life, as is Grace Neville.”

The reception of Frederick Carrington by the Bishop of Calcutta was most flattering. His lordship was fully satisfied, on examination, that his studies, acquirements, and qualifications, fitted him for the clerical profession ; while his views of what would be his duties in India, and his consciousness of the great responsibility which a chaplaincy there would necessarily impose upon him, were such as fully to meet the Bishop’s approbation.

Frederick had not the pleasure of seeing the friend who had so kindly interested himself in his behalf, although he sought for him at Cheltenham ; but a letter from him mentioned his intention of being in London about the time that Mr. Carrington was to sail for India, when they would meet.

Four weeks were all that now intervened between that period, and Frederick hastened to take possession, for a little time—and it could be only for a very little time—with a heart full of hopes and fears, of his old lodgings under the cliff at Seapoint ; and of this event, almost as soon as it took place, Miss Ellersly was duly informed by Miss Kitty Chatterton.

In pursuance of the resolution before mentioned, Frederick no longer avoided going to Woodside.

But it seemed now, the more he wished

to address a few words to Grace, the less an opportunity offered.

Her mother was there, or her father, or her sisters, or some visitor came in just at the instant that he thought he might whisper a word to her unobserved. He was on the rack of uncertainty, for Grace looked so gentle—so kind. And Mr. and Mrs. Neville's congratulations were so cordial and sincere ; the former assuring him that his chaplaincy could not be worth less than a thousand a year.

Every thing combined to fan the hope that was nearly extinguished.

Another man would not have hesitated. He would have seen encouragement in Grace's heightened colour and downcast eye—in the warm friendship expressed, and really felt, by Mr Neville—in the placid and approving smile of his wife.

But Frederick was naturally modest and

unassuming, and he loved too well, not to be a timid lover, particularly with all the reports still rife, of Miss Neville's engagement with Mr. Morley. Still he held his first determination—one word with her—he would know his fate from her own lips.

There was a small dinner party at Mr. Neville's. Frederick, of course, made one, and, as usual, when there were only a few intimate acquaintances, a walk was proposed in the evening.

It was through the same hedge-rows and valleys which they had selected for their walk on the evening that Mr. Morley was with them, that the party now turned their footsteps.

Frederick recollected this walk, and how assiduously Mr. Morley had sought Miss Neville's side—at least, so it had then appeared to his jaundiced eyes.

Those reflections, however, though they

chilled what little hope still remained, and threw a damp over his spirits, increased his anxiety to put an end to all this torturing uncertainty. One word — only one word, and his plans were formed. Should it be a refusal, an avowal of her engagement, as he feared it would be, he felt it would be better for him not to see Grace again ; in fact, he owed it to himself not to betray his weakness to a prying world, and he would leave Seapoint directly for London.

On the contrary, should those depressing anticipations prove unfounded, should Grace — but he did not dare to dwell upon this.

Every one in turn seemed to seize upon the envied place at Grace's side, as they walked along, but himself.

Frederick was in despair ; their walk was coming to a close, and still that word was unspoken.

They had been gathering botanical spe-

cimens in the hedge-rows ; and, at length, Grace was separated a short distance from the others. Frederick was at her side ; she was stooping to pick up a bunch of wild flowers which she had dropped out of her hand, and when she raised her head he was standing before her.

Grace felt that she coloured deeply, and, to hide her confusion, she began to display her bouquet to him.

“Miss Neville—Grace,” said he, with a voice almost inarticulate, “pardon my abruptness—pity my unhappiness—one word will do—say yes or no, I conjure you. Is your heart engaged?—tell me.”

Grace started—so unexpected a question—so unlooked for, and just at this time, when so many people were near them. She could not speak on the instant.

“How am I to interpret this silence?” he added, in a tone the despondency of

which she afterwards recalled ; but before her lips could utter the words, "I am not engaged, Mr. Carrington," Miss Kitty Chatterton was at her side, and claimed her attention.

What Miss Kitty was talking about Grace knew not, the words made no impression upon her understanding ; she turned her head hastily, but Frederick Carrington was gone ; he was assiduously helping some one over the stile a few paces off, and she had not answered him !

Grace did not see Frederick Carrington again that evening. On entering the house he made some excuse to Mr. Neville, and said he was obliged to be at home early that night.

Grace, internally much agitated and bewildered, looked all next day and the following one, in expectation of seeing Mr. Carrington, but in vain—he did not call.

To increase her perplexities, Miss Kitty Chatterton, who stepped in to pay a morning visit, informed her, in the course of her usual gossiping communications, that Mr. Carrington was busily engaged in making preparations for his departure from Seapoint. Her laundress had told her so; and when she went to the shoe-maker, to inquire why a pair of shoes she had ordered were not sent home, the man had excused himself, by saying that Mr. Carrington had hurried him so much that day about some work he had in hand for him, that he hoped Miss Chatterton would pardon him for not having had a moment to attend to her orders. Miss Kitty had likewise heard that Mr. Carrington had given the required week's notice to his landlady the morning after he had dined at Woodside.

Grace was soon left alone to her own meditations, and notwithstanding her know-

ledge of the general incorrectness of Miss Kitty's gossipings, her heart sank within her at the news she gathered from her.

Would not Frederick Carrington call to see her before he left Seapoint? What did his question mean?—would he not ask it again?—he did not think she loved any one else, did he?—Surely there was no ground for him to despair—he might very well suspect that he had an interest in her heart.

And at this latter thought, Grace's colour rushed to her neck and brow, and she hid her face with her hands.

Once, she certainly thought that Frederick Carrington did love her—but she must have deceived herself, or this unanswered question would never have satisfied him—perhaps he would write to her.

And now, Grace sat an entire day at the window, watching every messenger and errand boy who arrived; but no letter came.

Perhaps he would write to her through the post ; it would be less remarkable, and there was a late post in the evening.

It came — the post-hour, and the post-man's loud knock ran, like a thrill of electricity, through all her frame ; but there was no letter for her.

The gentle, collected Grace became quite ill and nervous, and all sleep was scared from her pillow for that night.

Her uncertainty, however, was soon to have an end. Mr. Neville came into the room, where, with her mother and sisters, Grace was accustomed to pursue her work and morning studies, — a short time after breakfast, with an open note in his hand, and looking much vexed and disappointed.

“ My dear wife,” said he, “ I am sure you will be as sorry as I am, to hear that poor Frederick Carrington has left Seapoint. He went this morning. Unexpected business,

he says, has called him away much sooner than he had anticipated. He begs that I will say everything that is kind for him to his friends, particularly to the members of my own family. I doubt, from the tenor of his note, if he will be able to return home again before he sails for India. Poor fellow ! I should like much to have shaken him by the hand before he went. No doubt the bishop wrote for him, and he has been obliged to go at a moment's notice. However, regrets are useless—I wish him every success and happiness in this, his new walk in life—there is no man I have a higher respect and esteem for, than Frederick. He has a clear head, sound judgment, and a good heart ; and, if the climate agrees with him, he will certainly obtain the highest preferments in the church, in India. My dear Grace, how pale you look to-day ! I am sure you have got the headache, from

stooping over that embroidery frame. Send those girls out, dearest, every morning, and do not let them sit so long."

"I am really very sorry that Mr. Carrington has gone, without being able to pay us a parting visit," replied Mrs. Neville, with something very like a sigh; "although I think farewell visits are always melancholy."

"I wish Mr. Carrington could have staid a little longer," said the pretty Emma; "I thought he was not to sail for India until the latter end of next month, and I was going to make a keepsake for him."

"A keepsake! my little Emmy," said her father, "and what was that to be?"

"A housewife—and I have got so many pretty pieces of silk to make it of—it was to have twelve pockets," replied the little sempstress.

"And I would have given him my prettiest kitten," said the youngest girl, Lucy.

Grace alone was silent, and made no remark upon the intelligence her father communicated to them. Her eyes continued rivetted upon her embroidery frame, and she did not even look up ; but her mother, who stole a glance at her, perceived that her fingers trembled with a convulsive twitching, and that she was unable to draw her needle through the canvass.

Grace was silent, for her heart was full, even to bursting ; and stooping down and whispering Lucy, who was sitting on a low stool beside her, making a doll's frock, that she was going to put on her bonnet, and take them a walk, she hastily left the room.

"Where is Grace gone to?" said the mother, looking anxiously after her.

"For her bonnet, dear mamma," replied Lucy, "and she said we should have a walk with her—may we go to Ann to put on our pelisses?"

"Yes, yes, children—run away and get

your bonnets—Grace was very right to take my hint,” said Mr. Neville.

Emmy and Lucy disappeared on the instant.

“My dear,” continued Mr. Neville, turning to his wife, “you mope those children within doors too much after breakfast. They are at their lessons early in the morning, and you should always send them to take a good, long walk in the forenoon. Grace is quite losing her beautiful delicate colour, and we shall have my Emmy, and my rosy little Lucy, looking as pale as she does, very soon.”

“Emmy never had much colour, and Lucy is as rosy as ever,” replied the fond mother. “Grace, indeed, does look pale, and a walk will be of service to her.”

“Yes, Grace does look pale,” Mrs. Neville reiterated to herself, after her husband had left the room; “very pale these some days, but not from want of air and exercise.”

Grace returned in a few minutes, leading Lucy by the hand, and followed by Emmy.

She had pulled her veil down, to hide the traces of the passionate burst of tears, which had, in a degree, relieved her full heart when she had retired to her own room.

But Grace was not one to give way to tears—her pride, too, was up in arms. Frederick was gone—gone without a word of explanation—gone, without bidding her, his early playmate and friend, adieu.

Besides, had Frederick acted as he ought to have acted towards her? Had he not trifled with her feelings? Having gone so far, ought he not to have gone a step farther? were thoughts that would intrude.

Alas! it was a mystery she could not fathom.

* * * * *

“And so you are off to-morrow, Master Frederick,” said Adam Carter, the old gardener, looking wistfully at Mr. Carrington

as he stood hat in hand at the entrance of a small sitting room, where Frederick was sitting, engaged in writing, on the evening preceding this day.

“Yes, my good Adam,” replied Frederick, in a depressed tone, “I shall be off to-morrow morning before daylight, and I want You to take this note, immediately after breakfast, to Woodside. I do not wish you to go there to-night.”

“I warrant Mr. Neville will be sorry for you, Master Frederick, and pretty Miss Grace too. — You and she were such play-mates! — Many a time, when I used to work in your poor father’s garden, you would come to me and choose the sweetest flowers for you to make into nosegays for her—all the finest moss roses and carnations and the delicate little geraniums that I took such trouble to nurse in pots—your poor father used to wonder where they all went to. I know what I often thought then,

Master Frederick,—but none of us can foresee; and now, people say she is to be married to Mr. Morley, her cousin.”

“Do they indeed!” said Mr. Carrington, impatiently.

“That’s not the match I’d have selected for Miss Grace,” continued the old man; “but it’s all one now, as you are going to the Indies. Shall you be away long, Sir?”

“O yes — twenty years, I dare say,” replied Frederick.

“God bless us!—twenty years, Sir,—I shall be in my grave long before that time,” ejaculated old Adam. “Well! — God be with you, Master Frederick,” he continued, dashing away a tear, “you have been a good friend to me. Once, I thought I should be dressing the garden, down at the parsonage, for you and Miss Grace, but the Lord wills it otherwise.”

“Thank you — thank you for all your good wishes, my kind old friend,” said

Frederick, hastily rising and shaking him by the hand, "here is the note, be sure you take it yourself to-morrow, and give it to Mr. Neville. And here, take this also," he continued, "my good Adam — it will help to keep the cottage warm this coming winter," and as he spoke he thrust some money into old Adam's trembling hand. "Now go, my good friend, and do not stop to thank me, I have a great deal to do to-night. Heaven lengthen out for you this green old age!"

Adam turned away sobbing; and as Frederick stood at the hall door, and watched him through the wicket gate, the repeated "God bless him and prosper him," of the old man, fell with a melancholy farewell sound upon his ear.

CHAPTER IX.

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
 And feed this sacred flame.”

COLERIDGE.

I do not mean to trace out the exact progress of Mr. Morley's passion for Julia. It stole upon him quite unawares, and he was himself totally blind to, and ignorant of, the conclusion to which his intimacy with the family of Mr. Grahame was leading him.

He thought it was his love of good fishing and picturesque scenery which detained

him in this spot so much longer than he had at first intended ; and it never struck him that in accepting the offers of Julia and her young brothers to show him—now some curious cave—then an old ruined church, and so on—(Mr. Grahame being confined by a slight attack of the gout to the house)—he was going on a diametrically opposite tack to what he had ever done before ; having always disliked guides, and preferring to go over new ground without a companion.

All his old bachelor peculiarities, too, appeared to be put to flight. He allowed the boys to turn over his fishing-books as they pleased, and examine all their contents ; while Julia looked at his sketches, and criticised their accuracy, without knowing anything of perspective, except what a quick eye might have taught her.

In this manner a fortnight or three weeks passed away—Mr. Morley filling his port-

folio with sketches, and his heart and imagination with Julia.

Your very clever men, I am told—at least, so I heard a clever man say—scarcely ever fancy a very clever woman ; I suppose it is because they have been reading clever books, writing clever books, and talking sense all their lives. A little unbending of the tight-strung bow—a little persiflage—a little wandering from the confines of sense—all this is to them a new recreation.

They are therefore generally captivated, unawares, by some young unsophisticated being ; one of their school-boy idealities—some beautiful vision that reminds them of the shepherdesses of Theocritus and Virgil, or brings before their eyes a wood-nymph crowned with acorns, or a Proserpine gathering flowers.

And thus it was with Mr. Morley. One evening found him returning to his village home, conscious that the world would be but

a desert to him without Julia, and determined to ask her in marriage of her father on the morrow.

Mr. Grahame heard Mr. Morley's proposal for his daughter Julia with a great deal of astonishment, and with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

He had never dreamed of his simple Julia captivating his new acquaintance, and, with the old-fashioned ideas of hospitality, should have thought it nothing strange if Mr. Morley had accepted his invitation of making Grahame Hall his home, whilst he remained in the neighbourhood ; and *there*, he thought the fishing alone might have induced any reasonable man to stay for a month or two. He loved Julia dearly, but he was a selfish man, and his love was selfish. Her loss to him would be incalculable. He was an indolent man, and Julia regulated everything in the house according to her pleasure. This was his first idea ; but then other thoughts

came. The connection was a good one, and might be advantageous to him in many ways. So, after a short pause, in which all those ideas flashed across his mind, he shook Mr. Morley by the hand, expressed his entire satisfaction, and referred him to Julia.

What Mr. Morley said to Julia, and what Julia said to Mr. Morley, I cannot exactly tell. Suffice it to say that Julia came down to dinner blushing and smiling ; and that her lover took a seat beside her, looking as if he were in the seventh heaven.

When Mr. Grahame found that Mr. Morley had not been an unsuccessful suitor to his daughter, he informed him that Julia would not be quite a portionless bride, as her mother's fortune of five thousand pounds was settled upon her, and she would come into possession of it on his death. At present, he had it not in his power to give her any fortune.

Mr. Morley assured him that he dreamed not of fortune with Julia, mentioning at the same time, what settlement he purposed making.

It was more than Mr. Grahame could have expected, and he warmly declared his satisfaction.

They parted, and Mr. Grahame remained walking up and down a small study, where the interview had taken place.

If the present prospect was pleasing to him, it could not prevent bitter reminiscences of the past crowding upon his mind, and ever and anon he paused, and stamped his foot.

“Would that her mother’s fortune had not been settled upon Julia,” he muttered between his clenched teeth, “then M’Donnell would never have thought of her for his son. But of what use are those remembrances now? thank heaven, they are both gone!” and he clasped his hands with

energy. "The typhus fever soon took off that fawning, servile, hateful attorney, and the fishes have long since made a feast of his hopeful son. It is but as a frightful dream, long past away, and Julia thinks not of it now. She was but a child then—a mere child."

It was a day or two before the wedding was to take place, that within an hour of midnight, just after Mr. Morley had left Grahame Hall, Julia's light step was heard across the passage which led to the study, where she knew her father was engaged in writing. After pausing a moment or two, as if to collect herself, she knocked gently at the door.

"Who is there?" demanded Mr. Grahame, in no very pleased accents.

"It is only your daughter Julia, dear Papa," was the reply; and as she uttered those words, she had a great mind to retreat back again.

"What can you want, Julia?" said he,

impatiently. "Come in, child—come in ;" and the young girl entered, and shut the door.

"Dear Papa," she replied, trembling and looking agitated, "I only want to say a few words to you."

"What is it about, Julia ?—speak, child ; I thought you were in bed by this time. You should not sit up so late."

"No, Papa, but I could not go to sleep, until I told you something—something that is heavy on my heart ; until I spoke a word or two with you ;" and as she said this, she knelt down on the edge of the footstool on which her father rested his gouty foot. She was silent for a moment, while Mr. Grahame looked intently at her, and then she continued—

"I am going to be married to Mr. Morley, would it not be better—there ought to be no concealment—will you not tell him ?" Julia paused, for a dark frown gathered upon Mr. Grahame's brow.

“Are you mad, Julia?—this is worse than childish,” he exclaimed; “I know to what you allude, but is it not past and gone? You saw the letter which said that the ship was lost at sea, and that every soul on board had perished—did you not?”

“Oh yes, dear father, yes,” said the now weeping Julia; “but still there should be no concealment; I know there ought not.”

Mr. Grahame struck the table violently with his hand, and ejaculated, “I did not anticipate this!” Then he became calmer, and said, “Listen to me, Julia. This is a very foolish thought of yours. You know it was nothing but a mere ceremony, binding, it is true, if the young M'Donnell had returned from his voyage, but of no consequence to any one now, as he is dead. There is not even a witness to it except myself; for, although I have made the most minute inquiries, there is no trace to be found of the clergyman who performed the

ceremony, and I have every reason to suppose that he too is no longer alive. Why would you then wish to mention it? Why would you wish to tear open a wound scarcely healed?—to agonize me with questions and retrospections? The unprincipled villain, the father, who knew my secret, and who held my life in his power, was taken away in one short month, after he had carried his iniquitous schemes into effect. Nothing would satisfy him but that I should give my Julia, because she was to inherit her mother's portion, to his wild, uneducated son. You were only thirteen years of age—I entreated him on my knees.—Yes, Julia, your father knelt to the villain,”—and here Mr. Grahame ground his teeth in an agony of passion—“to wait for a few months, until his son returned from a voyage which he was on the point of making, as second mate to a merchantman; but the wily attorney, whose father had been

my grandfather's steward—a man, too, whom I had always held in the most profound contempt—coolly told me that he would have my child for his daughter-in-law, or else that he would place my neck in jeopardy; that it was true that in an hour or two his son was to start for his vessel, which was about to weigh anchor, but less than half that time would suffice to tie the indissoluble knot. And must all this be revealed to Mr. Morley? No, Julia, I swear it shall never be revealed to him, or to any one else; and you shall swear it too.” And Mr. Grahame grasped her hands in his, with an iron grasp. “Julia, you know not what your father might be convicted of, if every thing was sifted. Murder!—yes, murder!” he whispered to her in a hollow voice—“for I knew—I was present, although unwillingly, at one terrible affair which took place. Swear, Julia! If you have the smallest affection for your father,

you will swear it." And he took a Bible off the table on which he leaned. "Swear that you will not now nor *ever*"—and he laid a deep emphasis upon the word ever—"allude to the incident of this hateful ceremony, or the occurrences which led to it."

Julia's lips were parched, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, scarcely could she faintly articulate the words as she pressed the Bible to her lips—"Father! I swear—"

Mr. Grahame bent his head towards her, and pressed his lips upon her forehead, and she felt his hot tears fall upon her face.

"Go to bed, my child," said he, "and sleep. Sleep—for you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

But Julia did reproach herself.

Mr. Grahame was not naturally a bad man, but he was weak, vain, and self-sufficient. From those defects sprang all his misfortunes. He had been made the tool

of a party, who flattered his vanity, talked of his patriotism, and pointed out to him the wide extent of country which had belonged to his ancestors in former days. From various circumstances, he had found himself in difficulties at his outset in life. Weak, needy men are always the first who are drawn into political turmoils. Looking for they know not what—dazzled and misled by the high-sounding words of patriotism, and the good of their country—they are led on step by step, and entangled in proceedings which they would have started from with affright, could they have foreseen them in the beginning of their career.

In one instance, Mr. Grahame had been present—against both his conscience and his inclination—at an outrage, which we must do him the justice to say, he did all in his power to suppress. But, although he stood self-acquitted of any participation in it, he was fully aware that circumstantial

evidence would have gone hard against him. He was, however, in the power of but one man, and that man was the attorney, Mr. M'Donnell.

CHAPTER X.

“Far other scenes her thoughts recall.”

SCOTT.

JULIA retired to her room with a heavier heart than usual, and, instead of undressing and preparing for rest, sat down in a meditative posture.

She tried to call to mind every, the most minute circumstance accompanying the ceremony which had taken place between her and young M'Donnell. She recollected how much she had always disliked the elder M'Donnell, and how she had ridiculed, from a child, the clownish appearance of his son.

She called to mind the horror she had felt one morning, on being sent for into her father's study, and seeing him in an excess of agitation, pale, and almost speechless; and how the odious old attorney chucked her under the chin, and told her that she was a pretty lass, and that she was going to be his daughter-in-law.

Young M'Donnell was there, a youth of about one or two and twenty, dark-browed, dogged, and silent. The elder M'Donnell seemed in high spirits.

“We should not want the parson in our country,” said he, “to tie the knot tight, but here it is otherwise—so friend Campbell come hither;” addressing a strange, pale-looking clergyman, who was standing near the window; “come hither, and bind this lad and lassie together. She is very young to be sure, but by the time the bridegroom has made two or three voyages at sea, she will be a well-grown lassie, as she is now a hand-

some one. It was a good thought, my cousin, of yours to come over and visit us."

Julia remembered her terror while she remained in the room, and that she scarcely heard a word of what was said; and how that, after the unwelcome visitors had departed, she stoutly told her father that she never would be young M'Donnell's wife, and how he patted her on the cheek, and said, "God help you, my poor child!" and how, when he kissed her, and bade her go feed her birds and amuse herself, she darted away to a wild dell behind the garden, a sort of waste place, in which was an old draw-well. Tradition had reported it as haunted, in consequence of a young girl, whose sweetheart had forsaken her, having thrown herself into it in former days. It had been hedged round by a low parapet wall, to prevent accidents; but this had, from time and weather, been broken away here and there, sufficiently to allow a

child to lean over it. Arrived at the well, she tore the ring from her finger, which young M'Donnell had placed upon it, and throwing it into the deep hole, listened with inexpressible pleasure to the faint tingling noise it made, as it struck against the stones, fancying, silly child as she was, that as she cast away the ring, so did she break the bonds by which she had so recently been bound. Then she remembered, how, just at that moment, a smothered laugh had caught her ear, and how, upon looking up, she beheld, at the opposite side of the well, the cold grey eye of the younger M'Donnell maliciously fixed upon her—it was only a momentary glance, for he did not speak, but strode away hastily.

Then came memories of her father's apparent unhappiness immediately after this event, and how he used to look at her, and kiss her, and pity her, and mutter to himself, "Poor unhappy child—what a lot must be

thine !” At length arrived accounts of the death of the attorney M'Donnell from typhus fever, in a distant town, whither he had gone on business, and of the surprise expressed by every one at finding that he, who was supposed to have been a wealthy man, had died a bankrupt. Nobody wept for him—nobody lamented him, for he was a hard man. His wife had been dead some years, and his son—his only child—was at sea.

It was all told to her father ; he rose suddenly and left the room, and as she followed him, she saw him clasp his hands, and heard him ejaculate, “Too late—too late, would that it had been sooner !”

Then another month passed away without any improvement in her father's spirits, until one morning, after the post had arrived, as he read the newspaper at breakfast, he showed her, with a flushed cheek and sparkling eye, the account of “how the good ship *Sailfast*, Captain Coleman, with the first and

second mates, Forward and M'Donnell, and all the crew, had been lost at sea, on the night of the 20th of September, in a violent storm—not one soul having escaped.”

Julia remembered that morning well, for she had never seen her father so joyful and happy.

But until this night all these memories had, in a great measure, faded from the mind of Julia. Painful retrospection has but little to do with the young.

Impressions of joy or of sorrow are as soon stamped, and as easily erased, at that period of life, as are the foot-prints upon the sea-sand.

As the waves of the ocean, chased by soft breezes, beneath a blue sky and a bright sun, follow each other in rapid succession, each one effacing the track of that which went before it; so do the feelings of our first youth, vivid, sparkling, evanescent as the

morning dew, quickly replace the ones which have preceded them. The indelible print of sorrow is for after-years ; and those memories of the past, if they did come, had no more affected the happiness and sprightliness of Julia, than doth the heavy storm impair the lustre of the unopened rose-bud. If the image of either of the M'Donnells ever rose before her, it was but as a bugbear of her childhood, or as some horrid, unaccountable vision which was gone, leaving no vestige of its former presence behind.

But the hour of reflection was at last come.

Then Julia began to muse upon what her father had said of himself—the mysterious words he had dropped of peril which might still befall him, and she shuddered at the thought. Was there any sacrifice she would not make to save him from danger?—No, not one.

Hitherto Julia had loved her father better

than any one else in the world. His easy, indulgent disposition, his perfect satisfaction with every thing she did and said, had drawn closely the bonds of filial duty and love, while his habitual melancholy, and the distresses she saw he was often in, about pecuniary matters, only endeared him the more to her. She was aware that, like many other gentlemen, her father had taken a secret share in the former disturbances which had agitated the country, but that nothing had ever been brought home to him. She could recollect, that when she was a very little child, he had been obliged to absent himself for a time, and that her mother had seemed anxious and unhappy about him, and that on his return he had frequent interviews with the odious attorney M'Donnell, who ever afterwards appeared to exercise an undue influence over him.

All these thoughts and reminiscences gave Julia a severe pang ; but they, in some

degree, reconciled her to keeping secret the tie, which for two months — only two short months—had bound her to young M'Donnell. She regretted that her father wished for this concealment, but if it made his mind easier, perhaps it was best that the whole transaction should be buried in oblivion. At least, she tried to think so, though a sigh shewed she was not entirely satisfied.

This dark spot in her past life, which had almost faded away, seemed to her, now that it was to be a secret from her future husband, to enlarge itself, and become more palpable and tangible.

Not that any thought of consequences, or of the impropriety of being married as Julia Grahame, ever presented itself to her mind ; it was from the idea of concealment — of there being any thing which Mr. Morley was not to be made acquainted with, concerning herself, that the ingenuous Julia shrunk. But never, as yet, had she attempted to

doubt the judgment of her father, and why should she do so now? Besides, it was too late to retract—he had her solemn promise.

Again Julia sighed; but just at this moment her wedding bonnet, which had been brought home that evening, caught her eye, and with the elasticity of a young mind, she soon banished all painful reflections, and turned her thoughts entirely to the arrangement of her wardrobe, for the coming event.

It was late that night when Julia laid her head upon her pillow; but no distressing dreams disturbed her deep slumbers, and she rose in the morning, the same gay, happy Julia, as she had risen on the preceding one.

The sun was shining bright, the birds were singing, and little Sam was tapping at her door, to put her in mind that they were to have an early breakfast.

“We are all ready in the parlour, waiting for you, Ju’, and Mr. Morley is coming

across the field. Do make haste down stairs. — Shall I call for the eggs and the toast? The jaunting car will be at the door in five minutes.”

“Presently, Sam—presently,” was Julia’s reply, as she gave one last look at the mirror—one last touch to the beautiful ringlets which hung in profusion on her shoulders, before she opened the door.

“There—that’s a dear, Sam,” said she kissing him, “run now, and call for the eggs and toast—I am going down stairs.”

And Julia descended, beautiful as the morning, just as Mr. Morley entered the house.

A party had been arranged for this day, to go and visit the ruins of an old castle, at some seven or eight miles’ distance. It was picturesquely situated on the banks of a small river, where trout were abundant, and the young Grahames were to take their fishing rods with them, as was Mr. Morley.

Julia was to be one of the party, and a whisper from little Sam put her in mind that she must bring plenty of sandwiches.

The breakfast table was spread, and every one was assembled except Mr. Grahame, who had not yet risen.

He sent word he was not very well, but hoped to be able to meet them in the evening.

Julia presided, and, with the assistance of Mr. Morley, cut a large plate of sandwiches off the tempting-looking cold ham, which stood upon the sideboard. Certainly Mr. Morley was not very expert at cutting sandwiches, but what will not a lover learn? Nevertheless, Julia could not teach him to pack the basket properly in which they, with various other comestibles, were stowed.

On their arrival at the trysting place—the castle—they found Aunt Milly with the young Nugents ready to receive them. Jane, Ellen, and Mary, looking fresh as the

wild flowers which were scattered around, Aunt Milly wearing her usual good-humoured smile, and even cousin James, who saw that Julia's marriage was inevitable, forgot to wear his downcast air.

Altogether it was a delightful day. No shower of rain, or dark clouds, to dim the beauty of the clear blue sky. No untoward accident — no stumbling horse, or broken spring.

Mr. Morley had submitted, without a murmur, to the jolting of the Irish jaunting car over the stones of the rugged lanes, through which they had to pass, for Julia was beside him ; and Julia, gay, happy, full of vivacity and thoughtlessness, never once remembered the conversation she had had with her father, in his study, on the night before.

The ruins of the castle were very extensive. Irued windows and broken archways presented themselves in every direction, as they clambered among the broken walls.

Mr. Morley had got his sketch book with him, and found it was pleasanter pastime to sketch, with Julia at his side, than to join the youngsters in fishing, who, getting their hooks and lines in order, scattered along the edge of the river.

Little Sam had no rod, and being soon tired of carrying the basket, returned to Julia, of whom he was excessively fond; but Julia, who did not exactly want his company at this time, provided him with a volume of the Liliputian Library, which she had put into her pocket for him in case he should be troublesome, and showing him a bank near the castle, where he could sit down and watch the fishermen, gave him the story of the White Cat to read.

Aunt Milly, with Jane, Ellen, and Mary, had walked on by the bank of the river, to search for some patch of smooth green sward, shaded with trees, on which to lay out the cold provisions. A spot green and

soft — such as might suit the fairies for their moonlight revels—was, after much consideration, at length selected.

On one side it was sheltered by a huge hawthorn bush, while the wide twisted branches of a gnarled oak, which grew hard by, extended over-head.

The baskets which the three girls carried were now set down. It was too early to open them yet.

Ellen and Mary pulled the wild flowers, which grew around in profusion, and formed them into garlands for their bonnets, while Jane climbed to the top of a high stile, and seemed intently to watch something upon the distant high road. Aunt Milly, who was fatigued from walking, seated herself upon the moss-covered roots of the oak tree, which, protruding from its massive trunk, formed fantastic seats.

“Why do you not come and sit near me, in the shade, Jane?” she inquired;

but Jane did not pretend to hear Aunt Milly.

“Sister Ann — sister Ann, is there any one coming? or is it only a cloud of dust?” exclaimed Ellen, looking up at her sister archly—but Jane only motioned her to be silent.

In about ten minutes, however, Jane descended, and with a heightened colour, took a seat beside Aunt Milly.

A few minutes more passed away, and footsteps were heard close to them in the adjoining field. Some one leaped over the hedge, and a young man dressed in black, rather plain-looking, but with an agreeable expression of countenance, and a gentlemanly air, stood amongst them.

It was the curate of the parish — Mr. Somers — whom they all knew very well. He was a great favourite with Aunt Milly — it may be, a greater favourite with somebody else, but this was as yet a secret.

Aunt Milly invited him to join their rural party, which he willingly did.

Time flew by, while they were all thus variously engaged, and the hour appointed for laying out their cold collation arrived. Mr. Somers assisted at the arrangement of it, at which he was much more clever than Mr. Morley had been in cutting the sandwiches, and helping to pack the basket. Everything was in order by the time the fishermen returned, but they were obliged to send to seek Julia and Mr. Morley, who kept no note of time.

In no place is a dinner enjoyed so much as on the green grass, beneath the woodland shade, with the blackbirds and thrushes for musicians ; at least, so thought Mr. Morley, as he spread his cloak to make a seat for Julia.

Thus passed the day. The whole party returned with Julia, to take tea at Grahame Hall, and having picked up a well-known

pi-per, who was used to travel the country with his bag-pipes under his arm, on their way home, they finished the evening with the good old dance of Sir Roger de Coverley.

Mr. Grahame stood at the door, and looked on with a satisfied air, while the intricate round was merrily trod. He was pleased, because he saw that Julia, gay as ever, led the dance with Mr. Morley.

CHAPTER XI.

“ On ev’ry object through the giddy world,
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss ‘of newness.”

DR. ROBERTS.

WE pass over the wedding, and the wedding breakfast,—Julia’s blushes, confusion, and tears—the satisfaction of Aunt Milly, who had the arranging of every thing—the joy of all the young urchins, and how they stuffed in wedding-cake and looked at their new clothes ; no patches on their knees and elbows now—cousin James’s again clouded aspect—and pretty Jane, Ellen, and Mary’s

secret hopes that their turn might come next.

All this can be easily imagined ; and likewise how, as Julia hung about her father's neck at parting, he felt that she could never betray the half confidence which he had so unwillingly placed in her.

Mr. Grahame's reflections, however, after Julia's departure were very painful. There was something degrading to him in the position in which he had been obliged to place himself, by confessing thus much to his child.

“ I might have escaped the misery of telling Julia to what dreadful penalty I made myself amenable, when I allowed myself to be carried away by my own rashness and folly, and the machinations of others,” thought he ; “ if I had had time to consider, I need not have said so much ; but her request was so sudden, so unexpected—that hateful ceremony, buried in profound oblivion

for five years, never mentioned, never alluded to in the slightest degree—I might well think it had faded entirely from her memory.”

Mr. Morley had been, like many other men, captivated at first sight, and hurried into a step of which he had not had the most distant contemplation six months before. Time for reflection was now given him—he was a Benedict—the beautiful Julia was all his own. His first impression was, that the sooner he could take her over to England, the better it would be for all parties.

Not that Mr. Morley had any prejudice with respect to country. He was a citizen of the world; and if Julia's parents had been Kamtschatdales, she would still have been the only Julia in the world for him. But, upon a nearer acquaintance, he did not like Mr. Grahame. There was something

about this gentleman which he could not entirely fathom.

It was not that Mr. Grahame was wanting in either education or manner. The family, too, was an old one in the country ; there was no deficiency on that score, and Mr. Grahame could have reckoned connection after connection, among the most ancient of the aristocracy, that would fairly weigh against Mr. Morley's cousinship with one or two peers. But there was no sympathy, no similarity, between the two men.

The associates with whom Mr. Grahame had mingled at one period of his life, had, in a great degree, deadened that fine perception, which is given to us by nature, of every thing that is good and great ; and the refined feeling, the nice sense of honour, and the high-toned principle, which animated the conversation of Mr. Morley, struck no answering chord in the bosom of his host.

We have said before, that Mr. Grahame

was not naturally a bad-disposed man ; on the contrary, his conduct was often marked by good impulses and kind feelings ; but prejudice, indecision, and false views of society, had been his bane.

Julia left her father, her merry playmates, and the abode of her youth with many tears, but they were only the natural and evanescent tears of the young and timid bride. All was so new, so bright, in the world that was just bursting into view, that Mr. Morley soon had the pleasure of seeing every cloud disappear from her brow.

Only a fortnight had passed since their marriage—spent in making a short tour in the north of Ireland—when one afternoon saw them on the point of disembarking from a steamer at Bristol, from whence Mr. Morley proposed to take his fair bride to Seapoint, and introduce her to the Nevilles, and to his other acquaintances.

He had written before his marriage to a

confidential steward, who had resided in the family for many years, to have his residence in Wales, which, from his extreme carelessness in those matters, wanted new furnishing and many repairs, put into perfect order, before he took Mrs. Morley thither; and in the mean time, he had got Mr. Neville to engage for him, for a short term, a country house, which was opportunely to be let in the neighbourhood of Seapoint.

He anticipated great pleasure in introducing Julia to Grace Neville, and thought what charming companions they would make for each other.

His passionate love for Julia did not blind him to the many defects in her education, and he hoped the society of the gentle Grace would soften down her almost overpowering vivacity.

Every thing was so new to her, and she expressed herself in such lively terms of admiration or of wonder, that Mr. Morley

sometimes caught himself giving an uneasy glance around, lest *that* inexperience and newness to every thing in life, which, perhaps, had been her greatest charm in his eyes when he had first seen her, might make people smile when they beheld it in the wife of so old and grave a looking man as he fancied himself to be.

Julia only expressed what she felt, for every fresh object was a source of pleasure or admiration to her, in one way or other. Her heart danced and bounded with that sense of present contentedness—those joyful anticipations of the future, in a long summer day of life stretched out before her—that “gay hope by fancy fed;” all of which forms for the young a capability of receiving intense enjoyment from simple pleasures, and give that buoyancy to the spirits which rarely lasts beyond extreme youth, and if once lost, never can return.

But an unexpected cloud—a damp, like

the unhealthy fog that hangs in a sepulchral vault—was suspended over the thoughtless, happy Julia, ready to envelop her in its poisonous atmosphere.

As the steamer glided towards the landing place at Bristol, she had to make her way through a numerous collection of vessels of all nations, which crowded this busy port; and in running along the side of a large American merchantman, Julia was struck by the appearance of a man who stood on the deck, and carelessly leaned against the side of the vessel. From the manner in which he gave his orders to some of the men near him, he seemed to be either the captain or the first mate.

He was a dark-looking man, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and had nothing remarkable in either his dress or his personal appearance; but there was something in his countenance which froze the current of the blood in Julia's

heart, and made her flesh creep from head to foot.

Had the deep given up its dead? Was that the younger M'Donnell, or was it his *fetch*, that stood so near her?

The steamboat almost touched the American vessel, as it passed by her.

Julia, rivetted to the spot, fascinated, immoveable, had her eyes fixed in a kind of terror-stricken gaze upon the American.

"Captain Jacobs, how do you do?" screamed out a bumboat woman at the top of her voice; "glad to see you in these here parts again."

The man, upon whom Julia's eyes were fastened, condescendingly acknowledged the recognition of the bumboat woman.

"Captain Jacobs!" ejaculated Julia to herself. "O my God, how like he is to that hateful M'Donnell! and she involuntarily shuddered as this person, addressed as Captain Jacobs, turned a pair of cold,

searching grey eyes upon her, similar to the eyes she so well remembered. But it was a careless look—the look of a stranger.

“If the dead could re-visit the earth, I should say that was the younger M'Donnell,” thought Julia.

“Julia! how pale you look!” exclaimed Mr. Morley, as he approached her. “Ah! I see how it is,” continued he, laughing. “My poor Julia! notwithstanding all your boast of being such a good sailor, on this your first voyage, I see, the motion of the steamer has made you quite giddy. Come, Julia, take my arm, a turn or two on the deck will revive you, and bring back your colour, and we shall be at the quay directly. My poor little Julia! how upset you are, and how you tremble!—Ah! I see you will never make a sailor—but it does not signify, as you have not married an old admiral.”

Julia was quite indisposed when they reached the inn where they were to pass

that night. She felt as if she was crushed—almost annihilated—a stupor seemed to weigh down all her faculties—a deadly sickness of the heart took possession of her; violent and repeated bursts of tears at length came to her relief.

Mr. Morley looked on in consternation; he had never seen Julia thus affected before, and he had an antipathy to tears, hysterics, and over-wrought sensibility.

His lively, unaffected Julia thus transformed! It must be the effect of the sea-voyage, acting on her nervous system; rest would certainly bring her to herself. So making her lie down upon the sofa, and bidding her try and go to sleep, he drew a chair and sat beside her.

Julia endeavoured to devour the bitter agony of her mind, and not to let Mr. Morley see her tears.

The thought of the situation in which she might be placed was so fearful, that her

head grew dizzy and her heart sick—oh, how sick !

And as some eastern traveller, soothed to sleep by the fanning winds and the soft music of the gurgling brook, beside which he had stretched his weary limbs, roused by the roar of the tempest and the howling of wild beasts, wakes suddenly in blackest night, not knowing where to fly to for safety or for shelter ;—so felt poor Julia, encompassed, as she was, by horrors worse than death.

Why did they say he was dead ?—he was not dead. That cold grey eye—it was the eye that had gazed upon her when she threw the ring into the well ; and the lineaments of the face—could she be mistaken ?—impossible—her childish dread had imprinted them too indelibly on her mind, and, though long forgotten, they now rose before her as clear as if the fatal scene in her father's study had taken place but yesterday.

After sitting for some short time beside her, Mr. Morley, seeing that Julia's eyes were shut, fancied she had fallen asleep, and closing the window-shutter, that the light should not disturb her, went out to take a short stroll.

Her situation was truly deplorable for the first half hour after he left her. That cold grey eye seemed fixed upon her still.

It was in vain that she repeated over and over to herself that it could not be M'Donnell. She had seen in the newspapers, she had seen it by letter from the owners of the vessel, that the ship had foundered at sea, and that every soul on board had perished.

Why then should she permit a chance resemblance thus to agitate her? It could be only a chance one—reason, conviction told her so; and yet, in spite of reason and conviction, imagination rebelled against them, and pourtrayed the thousand different ways

in which M'Donnell might have been saved. Then she thought how mad it was of her to fancy this. John O'Hallaran, she knew—a young lad, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had taken a passage to join a brother settled abroad—was lost likewise, and his family had mourned for him an entire year. And then she remembered how she had heard, at the time of old M'Donnell's death, that the son's name had been joined with his in several bills, and that the most minute inquiries had been made about him by the creditors. Every thing combined to assure her that M'Donnell was no longer living.

Thus she tried to reason with herself, after the first burst of horror and consternation was over; and she so far succeeded in calming her fears, as to be enabled to meet Mr. Morley at tea-time with a smile, sweet to him, though not so gay, he thought, as usual.

Mr. Morley entertained Julia at tea, by telling her where he had strolled — what news was in the newspapers which he had taken a hasty survey of in a neighbouring coffee-room ; and, finding she was not disposed to talk, read aloud to her for half an hour, in order to amuse her.

He then made her retire to rest, assuring her that a good night's sleep was the best restorative after sea-sickness.

Not that Mr. Morley, on considering the matter over, fancied that the agitation in which he saw his beloved Julia, could be produced entirely by the effects of the voyage. He recollected that she was very young, that she had left all her friends for a husband with whom her acquaintance was but as yesterday—that some little sorrow, some fond reminiscences might press upon her young heart, when she saw that ocean was dividing her from her own home.

“It is all very natural that it should be

so," thought he, with a half sigh. "I see clearly, however, that I must, in a great measure, give up my old pursuits—Julia must be amused and pleased at any sacrifice,—I could not bear to see those dear eyes shedding tears."

It was those reflections which made him forbear asking Julia any questions, so she had not to plead head-ache, or to give any evasive reply to her husband; and this, she felt, was a relief.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true.”

LEYDEN.

JULIA had no refreshing sleep that night, and she came down to breakfast on the following morning looking pale and depressed.

Mr. Morley gazed at her with some anxiety ; there was not perhaps anything surprising in one so new to travelling having had a sleepless night, after the fatigues of the day ; but painful doubts would obtrude

themselves upon him, although he endeavoured to stifle them. He was not quite satisfied in his own mind that he was exactly the husband suited to Julia, nor was he at all certain that Julia loved him as he would wish to be loved.

“I must teach her to do so,” thought he, “by endeavouring to study her happiness in all things.”

“I long to introduce you to my friends the Nevilles, Julia,” said he, addressing his pale wife in tender accents; “I think you will be very much pleased with Grace. You will find her a charming companion; she is something about your own age, and my Julia would soon be weary of an old fellow like me, if she had not some agreeable young friend to chat with. But you must brighten up, my love, or they will certainly think at Seapoint, that I have married you against your inclination. I shall be put down, among all the young people, as some horrid Blue-beard

or Ogre, who carries off a disconsolate princess to his impregnable castle.”

Julia coloured to her temples—her consciencesmote her. But those remarks changed the current of her thoughts. Smiling faintly, while she exerted herself to make the breakfast, with a versatility of temper and of feeling which belong only to the young, she forgot for a time, in the agreeable conversation of her husband, who tried in every way to entertain her, the horrid apparition of the preceding day.

Breakfast was over, and now there was the departure, the journey, and the arrival, towards evening, at the residence, in the neighbourhood of Seapoint, which had been taken for Everard Morley by Mr. Neville.

This, under the inspection of Mrs. Neville and Grace, had been put into the completest order possible, for the reception of him and his young bride.

It was an old-fashioned country house,

built in the Elizabethan style, and belonged to a family who had been obliged to seek on the continent for that health which had been denied them in this, their ancestral residence. A deep taint of consumption had appeared in the children, and the young shoots had dropped off one by one—leaving only two delicate girls remaining to the anxious parents.

Molesworth Hall was only a short mile from Seapoint, and had been erected upon the foundation of an old abbey, in one of those green valleys which appeared to be the peculiar choice of the monks.

The hills, gently undulating around, were clothed with magnificent trees. A herd of deer were seen reposing in the park, which extended from both the north and south entrances to the house; while a river, of no great magnitude, but clear and pebbly, bounded the grounds on one side.

Julia was in raptures at the sight of this

charming abode. The scenery, not more beautiful perhaps than what she had always been accustomed to, was yet of a new character, and there was an air of peace and repose about it that fell like balm upon her heart.

Peace for the poor Julia!—Alas! Julia found, after a day or two's abode at Molesworth Hall, that, however her exertions might give her the appearance of cheerfulness, or extraneous circumstances bring forgetfulness with them for a time, there was no peace to be found for her.

The image of Captain Jacobs rose before her in her brightest moments, and it was in vain that she endeavoured to reason away her fears.

That one glance which she had caught of his cold grey eyes, carried a terror to her soul lest M'Donnell might be still living, which all the reasoning she set against it could not overpower.

Chase the fear away as she might, it ever

and anon returned again, and lay a deep drop of bitterness in the bottom of her cup, and she often felt as if she were tossed a waif on the wide ocean of life, without any one to cling to for support.

Her husband!—Oh! how had she wronged that husband, if M'Donnell still lived; and even if he were dead, was not her life a life of deceit?—had she not a secret which she dared not reveal to him?

A new world had opened upon Julia—right and wrong, truth and falsehood, wore to her a different aspect.

Willingly—oh! how willingly would she have thrown herself at her husband's feet, and have acknowledged all—her secret marriage—her recent and terrible dread—and have trusted to his honour and affection to have guided her out of this terrible maze, even if it was necessary that they should separate for ever. But her oath forbade this, and her startled fancy shrunk back, and

her life blood almost ceased to flow, as she contemplated the inextricable labyrinth in which she was plunged.

Neither were the reproaches she felt due to her parent, for permitting her to place herself in such a predicament, the least part of her punishment. That father, so beloved—so looked up to—so conscientiously obeyed ever since she was a child; it was he who had selfishly drawn all this anguish upon the head of his unhappy daughter.

Then she would reproach herself for these thoughts, and think how much better it was that she should endure any distress or trouble rather than the life of that father should be in danger.

“But why let me marry Mr. Morley?—oh! no, he never should have allowed me to marry at all,” she exclaimed, with clasped hands.

Then she would again go over the past, and think how little impression the cere-

mony, which had taken place between her and M'Donnell, had made upon her young mind. They had parted without a word—not even the bridegroom's accustomed salute had been bestowed upon her. It was held in a profound secrecy—no one knew of it but those in her father's study at the time—old M'Donnell and the strange clergyman. Had she not thrown away the ring with the utmost contempt?—Had not M'Donnell's death been fully ascertained?—How could her poor father foresee?—How could he ever imagine that she should behold this mocking likeness—this form which had filled her with such terror?

Oh! no—she must not blame him—she must not condemn her poor father too much—he would be as unhappy as she was, if what she feared were true. But it could not be true?

Vanish!—vanish, thou phantom of the imagination!

But it did not vanish. A dark spot had fastened upon her heart, and a rising sob seemed suffocating her breast whenever she was by herself, while society demanded from her an exertion that almost killed her.

Spell-bound and stunned, Julia received and returned her wedding visits, which were numerous ; but she was too ill to accept the first two or three dinner invitations.

Mr. Morley was much distressed, and began to be seriously alarmed for her health. He pressed her to have immediate advice ; but this she refused, trying to make light of her indisposition, and assuring him she would be well in a day or two.

Terrified herself at the state of internal agitation she was in, Julia attempted to dive into the depths of her own heart, and seek there for a spirit to support her under this frightful nightmare which pressed down her faculties. She tried to call up religious feelings, and to look to a kind providence for

guidance and succour ; but, though accustomed from her earliest youth to repeat her daily prayers, and to attend divine service whenever it was convenient, Julia had hitherto passed through life without giving much thought to religious matters ; and now, with the consciousness of being entangled in a maze of error and deceit, how could she derive much consolation from thence ?

Julia then saw nothing in her heart which could aid her, but a firmness of purpose, called up by the dreadful dilemma in which she stood, not to disturb her husband's peace by her terrors, and to bury in her bosom all remembrance of the apparition which she had seen on board the American vessel.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Oppress’d with grief, oppress’d with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh.”

BURNS.

“JULIA, here is an invitation to dinner,” said Mr. Morley, coming into the breakfast room one morning with an open note in his hand; “it is from the Templetons; sit down, dear, and write an answer to it, as the servant waits.”

“Must we accept it?” replied Julia faintly; “could you not go without me?”

“Dear Julia, impossible,” answered her husband, looking fondly at her. “Templeton is an old friend of mine, and I should not

like to refuse him ; you had better write an affirmative ; and if you still have this wearisome head-ache when the day arrives, we will both send an excuse."

Julia sighed deeply, suppressed a choking sob, and immediately sat down to write.

Mr. Morley looked anxiously at her.

"Poor thing ! how unwell she must feel herself ! how dreadfully depressed are her spirits !" he thought, as he paced slowly and musingly up and down the room.

"My Julia, if you are not quite well when the day arrives, and do not feel yourself in the humour to go, I will write an apology for both—I could not bear to leave you alone,—I fear, dearest, you are seriously ill ; do allow me to send for Doctor L——."

"It is only this tiresome head-ache," replied Julia, not daring to look up at him, "it is not very bad to-day ; if it gets worse, it will be time enough to send for Doctor L——. I hope it will be gone by Tuesday

—yes, Tuesday—that is the day of our dinner invitation,” continued she, looking at the note again. “We are going out to ride by-and-bye, nothing does me so much good as riding—particularly when you are with me,” she added, forcing a smile. “I am sure I shall be quite well by Tuesday.”

“We will order the horses early then, my dear,” said Mr. Morley, brightening up, “and I will take you a beautiful ride. I am afraid this air does not agree with you, and, if those head-aches continue, we will leave the place directly.”

“How kind !” said Julia ; and she smiled one of her old sweet smiles, and kissed the hand that was near her, as he leaned on the back of her chair.

Poor Julia ! she said true when she spoke of a head-ache ; but what was that, compared to the heart-ache she had ?

The day arrived for the dinner party, and Julia exerted herself to the utmost to please

her doting husband. She put on a dress he had chosen for her—she selected the ornaments best suited to his taste, and arranged her hair in exactly the way he used to praise most ; and when she joined him in the drawing-room, a few minutes before the carriage was announced, a throb of pleasure beat at her heart, on seeing the satisfaction expressed in his eyes.

He had been afraid that, at the last moment, as it had happened once or twice before, Julia would have been too ill to go, and, as it was too late to send an excuse for both, that he should be obliged to fulfil his engagement, and leave her by herself.

But now, Julia—whose mind had been taken up while dressing, in thinking what would best please Mr. Morley, and who, thus engaged, had almost forgotten to think of herself—came into the room with a colour so bright, and a smile so sweet, as at once surprised and enchanted him.

Mr. Morley was particularly anxious that Julia should look well, and appear to the best advantage this day.

He would have to introduce her to many of his old acquaintances. He knew that several amongst them considered he had done a very foolish act, in marrying so young a girl. He was certain that some of them thought him an old fool to allow himself to be caught in a few weeks—a man, too, of his habits and tastes—by a pretty face. There certainly was, he owned to himself, a great disparity of years between them; he was double—no, not quite double Julia's age, but very nearly so. But then, if Julia did not mind it, what signified the disparity? And now he would be able to shew them, that if he had done a foolish thing, he had, at least, a fair excuse for doing so. Such, he was sure, his old friend Jack Stanhope, of punning reputation, would say.

He paused a minute or two, to look at Julia before he spoke to her.

He was by no means a connoisseur in ladies' dress, but, with a painter's eye, he could tell at a glance what was elegant and becoming, and what was preposterous.

Julia's dress was faultless in his eyes, for she had arranged it with the most minute care, to suit his taste. The flush of anxiety to please him had replaced the glow of health which formerly covered her cheek, and had lighted up her eyes with unusual brightness. Mr. Morley added to this brilliancy, by the praises he bestowed upon her whole appearance.

They arrived at Mr. Templeton's, and were ushered into the drawing-room. A numerous party were assembled there.

Among them were several young girls,—a pretty bride married about two months,—three rather censorious old maids, and half-a-dozen gentlemen.

The Nevilles were not there. Had they been at home, they would have been among the guests ; but they were still absent in Bath, whither they had been summoned, the day before Mr. and Mrs. Morley arrived at Molesworth Hall, on account of the sudden illness of Mr. Neville's mother.

Mr. Morley, however, was rather disappointed at not seeing them. A note from Mrs. Neville, full of regrets at their unavoidable absence just at the time of his arrival, informed him of the improved health of old Mrs. Neville, and of their intention of being at Woodside on that very day, and he had hoped, if arrived in time, that they might have all met at Mr. Templeton's house.

Julia was the object of undivided scrutiny. The gentlemen thought her charming, fascinating, beautiful.

The opinions among the ladies were various. All, however, concurred in avow-

ing to each other, that she was not at all the sort of person they should have thought Mr. Morley would have married.

The three old maids particularly, who had for several years directed a useless battery of looks, sighs, smiles, and conversation against him, were outrageous. A mere bread and butter miss—an insipid school-girl—no air—no manner—no fashion, were remarks whispered amongst them with great bitterness, to all which Miss Ellersly, who made one of the dinner-party, cordially assented.

At dinner, Julia was necessarily divided from Mr. Morley, and her spirits fell, when she found herself no longer at his side. A sort of painful, dream-like sensation stole over her. The gaiety and laughter around her, seemed to her, to have something in it of mockery.

Opposite to her, was seated the pretty bride—all animation, life, and spirits. She

had been going the round of bridal festivities, and looked so happy! — ready for every amusement, and enjoying them all thoroughly. No matter whether she was drenched with rain on a water party, or overturned in a dark night returning from a ball—all with her was food for merriment.

The ladies thought her much prettier than Julia, but the gentlemen said, “No—not by half so pretty, and not near so young.”

Mrs. Telford, the pretty bride, (for, whatever the gentlemen might say, she was pretty) had a lively, gay, off-hand manner. She had been the belle of a country town, and after having passed three or four seasons in flirting and coquetting, was lately married to a young lawyer, who sat at the other end of the table. She talked incessantly, was helped to every dish, scarcely gave herself time to taste any thing, nodded and chattered to every one, and described fête after fête, and pic-nic after pic-nic,

across the table to Julia's neighbour, a stiff old maid, with good-humoured and untiring volubility.

Julia sat silent and abstracted. Mr. Templeton, near whom she was placed, conversed with her whenever he could spare a moment from the duties of carving and attending to his other guests ; but Miss Griselda Wimbleton scarcely deigned to address her ; and all the time she was seated near Julia, thought within her own mind, what a much more suitable match she should have been herself for Mr. Morley.

Julia's eye lost its brilliancy, and a soft languor crept over her features. Every one knew that she had been ill since her arrival at Molesworth Hall, and that this was the first dinner party she had appeared at ; so, although the censorious said she was insufferably dull, her silence excited no remark in the good-natured, except it might be " What a beautiful, timid-looking creature Mrs. Morley is."

And, in reality, by many people Julia would have been considered more beautiful in her pensive hours than in her more animated ones, as there was a sort of Magdalen expression, formerly but seldom seen, about her small full mouth, and in the downcast look of those deep blue eyes, almost concealed by their long lashes, that was very fascinating.

Meantime, Julia's thoughts became excessively painful. This brilliant, happy Mrs. Telford, contrasted sadly with herself.

One little moon hardly passed since she herself was married ! and she so wretched !—while years of felicity seemed to await the innocent, the light-hearted Mrs. Telford.

She felt as if every eye was beginning to read the secret of her soul—as if it was indelibly written on her forehead. Even the flowers that were profusely scattered over the table, carried a reproof to her sick heart. They seemed to whisper to her, “ False and

deceitful one ! do not look at us—do not touch us—

“ For we are spotless, Julia, we are pure.”

At length this dinner, so long and weary to Julia, was over, and the ladies withdrew.

In the drawing-room they were soon joined by many newly-arrived guests, come to make up the evening party, as there was to be a dance.

Julia was sadly disappointed at this, for she had hoped to get away by ten o'clock, but she now saw it would be impossible to stir, particularly when she overheard the lively Mrs. Telford whisper to her husband, when he entered the room, “ that it was quite out of the question, their thinking of going home early, as he had intended—it would be so rude to be the first to break up such a pleasant party.”

So Julia tried to make up her mind to remain likewise, and endeavoured to divert her thoughts, by listening to the good-hu-

moured prattle of a young girl just come home from school, for the vacation, who had seated herself beside her on the sofa, and whose amusing volubility, certainly did serve to chase away her retrospections for a time.

There was something so genuine, so elastic and buoyant in this young spirit at her side, that Julia was laughing outright at one of her school-girl narrations, when Mr. Morley entered the room.

Mr. Morley gave an anxious glance around for Julia. He had seen how depressed she looked at dinner, and was fearful lest her head-ache had returned. His joy was therefore great when he beheld her so apparently enjoying a chat with this young companion, whom he recognized immediately to be a niece of Mr. Templeton, but who had not made her appearance at the dinner table.

“And how does the charming Fanny do, this evening?” said he, as he took both her

hands in his, with the privilege of an old friend; "ah! I see you are just as lively and gay as you were half-a-dozen years ago, when you used to steal my gloves, and hide my hat. What a little mad-cap you were then! and now you want to spoil my wife, and make her as wild as yourself—do you?"

"O no, Mr. Morley — indeed, I assure you, I am grown so demure! I was only telling Mrs. Morley of a quiz we put upon our French governess. Poor old soul, she was such a fright! and she used to fancy every one that looked at her was in love with her. It was too comic—the mistake we led her into—was it not, Mrs. Morley?"

"Comic indeed!" replied the still laughing Julia.

The delighted Mr. Morley looked and listened, while the gay Fanny told her tale. His attention was in outward show given to Fanny, but his looks, his

thoughts, were for Julia — the headache must be certainly gone, for she appeared all animation.

Tea was over, and the dancing began. Mr. Morley felt rather anxious for Julia, when he saw her led out to dance. He had never seen her get through any dance but the old-fashioned one of Sir Roger de Coverly, and he knew she had been quite out of the way of any good instruction. He almost wished she had refused to dance. He ought to have told her so, for Julia only danced because she thought it would please him.

But his fears were soon at an end.

With a good ear, and a graceful, pliant figure, Julia glided through the quadrille, in all the poetry of motion; and nobody who saw her, would ever have supposed that half-a-dozen lessons from an itinerant dancing master, had been the extent of her instruction.

The truth was, although he did not like to own it to himself, this first dinner-party and ball had been a very nervous affair to Mr. Morley.

He knew that his charming, unsophisticated Julia would have been considered quite uneducated, at least in the usual sense in which the word education is used as respects young ladies, if her acquirements had been narrowly canvassed.

It would not at all please him to have it whispered about, that, though Mrs. Morley could not dance, or play an opera of Rossini or a waltz by Labitzky, poor thing! or speak French and Italian, she was an admirable hand at putting pieces on her little brothers' elbows, and feeding the poultry—that she could regulate the dairy, and knit socks for the poor.

Poor Julia!—she did not think of her outward appearance this evening. She was so humbled, so thoroughly unhappy, that all

the little misadventures and awkwardnesses of life—all the opinions and remarks of others, excepting Mr. Morley himself, seemed of so little import to her—a drop of water in the ocean of trouble amidst which she was placed—as never to weigh with her one way or the other.

Formerly, when she danced, she was used to feel, in the exhilaration of the exercise, light as

“ The gossamers,
That idle in the wanton summer air ;”

but now, when she began to dance, a heavy weight pressed down her spirits, and she glided on mechanically, like a person in a dream.

At first, painful thoughts swam uppermost in her mind ; gradually, they became more softened, more subdued, more indistinct. It might not have been *him* she saw. Were there not two people exactly alike, sometimes to be found in the universe ?

That heavy, grey eye that met hers—might there not be other eyes exactly like it? Strange tales she had heard of extraordinary likenesses then floated through her brain. Trials, too, where an identity was sworn to, in full faith of the truth, while after-events proved that sight and conviction had been both deceived. Might it not be thus now?

Oh, if it were all a dream! If she could wake and find this incubus of the soul removed!

By degrees these ideas faded away, and her old enjoyment in the dance revived. Then succeeded the waltz—the polka—her ear caught every modulation, her small foot trod every measure; and Julia tripped over the floor, light as fairy over the tops of the dewy grass. Julia felt that she should like to dance all night, and Mr. Morley looked on her—happy in the happiness of his graceful Julia,—as the Eastern Caliph might be supposed to have looked upon the far-famed jewel in his diadem.

And now the dancing ceased,—a pause ensued, and there was music.

Julia was fond of music, and listened intently, as several sweet Italian songs and duets followed each other in rapid succession. Many of the young ladies, and two or three of the gentlemen, sang, and sang well ; and all were ready to contribute their endeavours to make the evening pass away agreeably.

Julia did not understand the words, but the music soothed her spirits, and a soft calm stole over her mind.

Presently the laughing Fanny was asked to play. At first she hung back, but a little pressing brought her to the piano. She played a waltz or two—a Polish movement succeeded—then, looking at Julia, she smiled and nodded, and commenced an Irish planxty with much animation.

Julia almost started at the sound, and tears, which she could scarcely restrain from falling, rose to her eyes. When last she

had heard that planxty, she was gay as a lark ;—old Denis Conner had played it on the bagpipes, as a finale, after they had finished dancing Sir Roger de Coverley. Now all was changed !

Soon Fanny's nimble fingers ceased—somebody had asked her to sing ; and, anxious to please Mrs. Morley, for whom she had taken a great fancy, Fanny commenced the following words, arranged to an Irish air :—

I fly from solitude, and try,
Amid each busy scene,
To dissipate the fev'rish dream
Of days that *once had been*.

I mingle with the young and gay,
And seek, mid dance and song,
To stifle the o'erwhelming gloom
Which hurries me along.

Yet though the wreath be round my brow,
No rose is on my cheek ;
And many a time, when I must smile,
My heart is like to break.

And many a time——

Here Fanny paused—there seemed to be some commotion and quick movement near her. She turned round to see what was the cause of it, and perceiving that Mrs. Morley had fainted, flew from the piano, to aid in assisting her with water and smelling salts.

They laid Julia upon the sofa. She was deadly pale, but in a few moments she came to herself, and said something, almost inarticulately, about the heat.

Miss Ellersly whispered to Miss Kitty Chatterton, who was sitting beside her,

“A pretty little scene, my dear, got up for effect, to make herself look interesting. No real fainting in the matter, believe me.”

There was nothing very extraordinary in Julia's fainting—every one knew that Mrs. Morley had not been well—she had danced a great deal, and was over-fatigued; so thought most people in the room, and so thought Mr. Morley, as he carefully wrapped Julia up

in her shawl, when he saw she was pretty well recovered, and placed her in the carriage, which he had ordered immediately, on seeing her indisposed.

Julia leaned her head on Mr. Morley's shoulder, as she sat in the carriage, and a few fond words soon soothed her. She assured him that she was now quite well—she believed she ought not to have danced so much, but she was so fond of dancing! She was glad she had gone to Mr. Templeton's. *He* had a pleasant chat with his old friends, and she had made some agreeable acquaintances.

This was all as Mr. Morley wished it to be, and he felt pleased and satisfied. So ended Julia's first dinner party.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.”
YOUNG.

THE Nevilles had returned to Woodside, as expected, on the evening of the party at Mr. Templeton's, and had found notes of invitation lying on their table.

It was too late, however, for the dinner party, and they were too much fatigued after their long journey to think of dressing for the ball, so they remained quietly at home.

Immediately after breakfast on the follow-

ing morning, Mrs. Neville and Grace walked over to Molesworth Hall.

Mr. Morley was truly happy to see them. He valued them for their own sakes, and besides this, of all his friends and acquaintances, they were those with whom he wished Julia to be the most intimate.

Julia, prepared beforehand to like them, was charmed with their appearance. The bland address, and warm congratulations of the kind-hearted Mrs. Neville, were very winning. And in the soft hazel eye, and sweet smile of Grace, there was something so attractive, as drew Julia towards her directly, with the chains of affection.

In later years we are more cautious, perhaps more cold, in our likings than in early life. Then, with fresh feelings and vivid impulses, an interview, a first meeting, often stamps our friendship as it does our love ; and if the full heart, on a nearer in-

spection, is sometimes disappointed, who shall say, that not unfrequently, soul recognising kindred soul—spirit drawn towards spirit, have not formed a bond, which, lasting to the limit of life on earth, is renewed again, and for ever, in heaven?

It was thus that Julia read a sympathetic feeling in Grace's eyes, and each felt as if she had found a sister in the other.

The day passed but too rapidly away, and towards evening the new friends parted as if all their previous life had been spent together in

“School-days friendship, childhood innocence,”

as if they too had been used, like Helen and Hermione, to create with their needles

“Both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion :
Both warbling of one song, both in one key.”

Mr. Morley saw this springing-up in-

timacy with undisguised pleasure. It was a beautiful walk, either by the high road or through lanes and across green fields, between Molesworth Hall and Woodside, and he anticipated pleasant walks and agreeable conversations for Julia, with her new companion.

Mr. Morley's fortune, though easy, was not large, and Molesworth Hall would have been much too expensive a place for him, had he rented more than the house, and that too at a very moderate rate.

The grounds and gardens were all managed by a steward left in charge, so that Mr. Morley had the advantage of the walks and shubberies of a beautiful domain, without any expense. He had even the use of the carriage and horses if he chose, but of these he seldom availed himself, as both he and Julia were fond of walking.

Mr. Morley had taken Molesworth Hall,

on purpose to afford Julia some little recreation in the way of gaiety and visiting, immediately after her marriage.

He did not like to bury her at once in the retirement in which he had always accustomed himself to live, when at his place in Wales; besides which he wished to put it in some sort of order to receive her.

Having never contemplated the possibility of his giving it a mistress, and being always absent during the spring and summer months, he had never painted or papered any part of the house, since he had come into possession of it — or renewed the furniture—all put in on his grandfather's marriage, and which, although it had not the time-worn and dilapidated look of that at Grahame Hall, was heavy, cumbersome, and old-fashioned.

To his great surprise, however, although Julia had owned that she was passionately

fond of dancing, he soon found that she was indifferent to any society but that of the Nevilles, with all of whom, from Mr. Neville to the little baby-boy in the nursery, she had become a favourite.

It was not the admiration she excited, or the accompaniments of enlivening sounds and gay faces, that Julia liked in dancing. It was the excitement—it was that distraction of thought, which continued motion brings with it. Riding, walking, exercise of all kinds, was grateful to her, for the same reason; but in a crowded room, a sensation of depression always crept over her, unless she was at Mr. Morley's side, hanging upon his arm.

Julia had married Mr. Morley as many girls marry, without any particular preference—she liked nobody else better—she was proud of his attentions—grateful for his love, and felt that sort of admiration for

his talents and acquirements, which made her think no one could equal him in any thing he chose to undertake.

Julia was only a gay, light-hearted child when Mr. Morley married her—thoughtless of the past, careless of the future—inexperienced, half-educated and volatile, with a naturally ingenuous disposition, and that sort of tenderness of heart, which would not willingly tread upon a worm. But the terrible idea which had taken possession of her mind, transported her at once from the child into the woman.

Mr. Morley beheld this metamorphosis at first with surprise, but he was not much versed in the female character, and he soon began to think it might be but the usual change incident on married life, from the timid yet volatile girl into the more sedate matron.

Julia was changed to him, but in her new

character, she was only the more lovely. The sense of the deep wrong which, it might be, she was doing her husband, mingled so much self-condemnation for herself, pity and reverence for him, with the newly awakened sentiment of a first love, that, while it quenched the vivacity of her spirit, threw such softness, such tenderness, such anxiety to please him into her manner, as rendered her in his eyes a thousand times more fascinating than ever.

Nevertheless, there was something about Julia which often struck Mr. Morley very forcibly—a secret impulse, which he could not fathom, seemed to direct all her movements.

He did not understand this total indifference in one so fair and young, and formerly so lively, to society and amusement. Dress, ornament, the excitement of visiting, was little cared for by her. . If she dressed

it was to please him. If she sung, if she spoke, if she walked, if she went to see this or that place—still it was to please him.

This did not strike him all at once, but stole on his mental vision by degrees. He saw at last that Julia had but the one object in the world — himself ; and this, while it astonished and flattered him, drew her, if possible, still closer to his heart.

Perhaps, at first Mr. Morley was disappointed that all his endeavours — all the charm of a new world—all the power of varying her amusements, which he placed within her grasp—for he would have taken her any where she liked to go to—was so totally valueless to Julia. But when he perceived that she turned to him to look for his approbation, to consult his wishes, to study his convenience at every moment—that she watched the glance of his eye, and with a graceful versatility of mind and

manner, adopted every fashion, turned to every study which he liked best, he felt that she was truly the fairest gift of earth which the Almighty could have bestowed upon him.

CHAPTER XV.

“Teach me in Friendship’s griefs to bear a share.”

ELEGY TO PITY.

ALTHOUGH the friendship which had sprung up, almost at first sight between Mrs. Morley and Grace Neville, had only become warmer and more enduring upon a nearer acquaintance, still, the more their intimacy increased the more inexplicable an enigma did Julia appear to the gentle Grace.

She could not comprehend the violent alternation of spirits to which Mrs. Morley was subject.

Sometimes Julia would throw her arms around the neck of her friend, hide her face

upon her bosom, and burst into a passion of tears, and that, too, after having passed part of the day apparently cheerful and animated.

At those times, Grace, struck with a sentiment of the profoundest pity, would soothe and pet Julia, as if she were a child. She could not understand what could weigh so heavily upon the heart of this young creature, coming across her in her brightest moments, and filling her with such deep dejection.

It was in vain that Grace revolved it over and over in her own mind. It could not be want of affection for her husband, for Julia never appeared half so happy as when she was in his presence, and his society always seemed to dissipate those unaccountable clouds and bursts of sorrow to which she was so often used to give way, when she had no one to observe her but Grace.

It was plain to the latter that some secret

cause existed, unknown to Mr. Morley—unknown to all the world, which weighed thus heavily upon the heart of Julia.

“It must be something concerning her own family,” thought Grace, as she meditated upon it; “something in which her husband has no share. But how sad! that there should be a necessity for any concealment from him; for it is quite evident to me that he is ignorant of those passionate bursts of grief, although he looks so anxiously at her sometimes.”

No idea that it could be any act of former imprudence which thus affected Julia, even suggested itself to the mind of the innocent Grace; and even if it had, the purity and artlessness of Julia’s character, written on her brow, would have immediately put such a thought to flight.

“Dear Julia,” whispered Grace to her one day, in her low, soft accents, after beholding

her in one of those violent paroxysms, “if there is any grief which hangs heavy upon your heart—any thing which you must not confide to your kind husband, or to me your sincere friend—confess yourself to God, and supplicate Him the all-powerful, the all-wise, the all-good, to teach you what to do, and how to bear this cross.”

“Did I say I had a secret?” exclaimed the unhappy Julia,—“alas! I ought not to have owned it, I ought not to have betrayed even thus much—but do not talk to me of it, dear Grace. Do not think I have a secret.”

“No, dear Julia,” replied Grace, compassionately, “you did not tell me you had a secret; calm yourself, be assured I will never hint at it again—but believe me, dear friend, prayer will bring you more consolation than aught else in those dark moments which come over you.”

“Nothing—nothing brings me consolation at such a time,” replied Julia, clasping her hands—“and when these memories come at night, I cannot sleep, and that makes me feel so ill !”

“You know I am to remain with you for a few days, while Mr. Morley goes over to Wales,” returned Grace, “and then we will read a chapter together in the Bible every night before you go to rest. Suppose we take the Book of Job—you told me you were much struck with Elizabeth Smith’s translation of it. This, with prayer, will calm your spirits and enable you to sleep.”

“Prayer ! the Book of Job !” said Julia, sorrowfully. “Alas ! Grace, I am not so good as you are, and they would not have the same effect upon me. Besides, you have never had a deep—deep grief. Your days have glided away so calm and happy—no disappointment. (Here Grace gave a soft sigh.)

You do not know what it is to love passionately, entirely, more than life, and yet to feel—”

Julia paused abruptly.

“Oh Heavens !” exclaimed Grace, quite terrified, “dear Julia you do not love—you cannot love any one but—”

“My husband, Everard Morley,” replied Julia, raising her blue eyes toward heaven. “No, Grace, I have never loved any one—never for a moment fancied any one, before or since I was married, but Mr. Morley.”

“Thank God !” secretly ejaculated Grace. “This is all as it should be, dear Julia,” continued she aloud ; “but you must cheer up now, for see ! here is Mr. Morley coming across the fields—he wants to have as much of your company as possible, as he goes away to-morrow.”

“Is he returned from Seapoint so soon ?” exclaimed Julia, looking almost terrified ; “oh ! if he should see me thus.” And flying

towards a vase of water, in which she had been going to place some flowers, she dipped her handkerchief in it, and bathed her eyes several times ; and so successful was she in her efforts to compose herself, as to be enabled to receive Mr. Morley with her usual smiles when he entered the room.

Grace was pensive and thoughtful during her walk home. Every time that she and Julia met, she felt that the latter wound herself more and more round her heart, by some new and endearing quality ; yet, that there was something decidedly wrong—something about this young creature that ought not to be, Grace could not conceal from herself.

“ What serious error can she have committed—what entanglement can she have fallen into ? ” thought Grace. “ Love for her husband seems to be the ruling passion of her mind. It must, no doubt, if not to

herself, relate to some one very dear to her, and she is pledged to silence ; but alas ! she must be some way or other implicated in it, for a self-accusing spirit is constantly upon her, while feelings beyond her control seem to struggle against a deceit. Poor Julia ! unhappy friend !—may a merciful God console you !”

If she would only turn to the true fountain for comfort—but there is some let, some hindrance—I cannot understand it—I can but pray for her.”

And Grace did pray for her poor friend that night, when, shut up in her own apartment, no eye upon her but God’s eye ; her young heart, early instructed in that beautiful aphorism, ‘Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,’ poured forth its thanksgivings and petitions to Him who heareth prayer.

“Julia has had no kind mother like mine, to watch over her and instruct her ; no dear

good grandfather to teach her to value the duty of prayer—the permission to lay our wants and sorrows before the throne of grace, as one of our highest and best privileges.”

So thought Grace as she laid her head upon her pillow, and soon sank into a sweet sleep.

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Mr. Morley's house in Wales was situated in a very retired and romantic part of the south division, about ten miles from the coast. He had expected that the alterations and improvements which he had ordered to be made there, would have been quite completed by the end of a couple of months, at which time he proposed to take Julia thither, and make it, as formerly, his permanent residence, with the prospect of excursing from thence during the spring and summer months.

A letter, however, from his steward, showed him that it was probable a much longer time than he had reckoned upon would elapse, before his house could, in any way, be made habitable.

A fire, caused by the carelessness of the workmen in leaving some combustible matters about, had broken out during the night, and nearly destroyed one wing of the building before it could be extinguished. The floor of his study had been partially damaged but the book-cases, containing some valuable books, all his papers, and two or three unfinished manuscripts, which he could not have replaced, were, fortunately, uninjured.

On reading this account Mr. Morley went immediately to the agent from whom Molesworth Hall had been taken, to try if he could arrange with him for a longer period than that for which it had been engaged, and, finding that he had orders to

let it for any term within three years, he determined upon making it his home, at least, until the ensuing summer.

Mr. Morley now resolved to go over to Wales directly—see what damage had been done with his own eyes, and give orders at once for re-building that end of the house which had suffered from the fire. His absence would be short, not extending to more than a few days, and Grace Neville had promised to remain with Julia until his return.

In consequence of this resolution, on the morning following Grace's last visit at Molesworth Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Morley came over to Woodside to breakfast.

Mr. Morley was to cross over early in the afternoon to Swansea, and Julia was to remain with the Nevilles until the next day, when Grace was to accompany her back to Molesworth Hall.

Grace was surprised to see Mrs. Morley

in such good spirits, after the conversation which had passed between them on the preceding day ; but Julia, taken up with a plan for employing her time during her husband's absence, had all her thoughts turned into a different channel, and chatted to Mr. Neville, and played with the children, as if she had not a care upon her mind.

Mr. Morley had told Julia that he should pack up all his books and papers, and bring them with him on his return from Wales. It would be necessary to take down part of the study, in rebuilding the wing that was burnt down. The books and manuscripts would only get damp and spoiled, as he was about to remain so much longer at Molesworth Hall than he had at first intended.

He should not unpack them, he said, they might remain in the cases—the library at Molesworth Hall being locked up, there was no convenient place to put them in—besides,

he should not want them, having no time for study, and there was no light reading amongst them ; they were principally works of science, books of reference, and voluminous and abstruse old authors.

“ Yet you used formerly to live amongst them,” said Julia, looking at him earnestly.

“ Yes, they are dear old friends,” he replied, “ but Julia is dearer, and they would take up too much of my time.”

Julia thought, “ how kind, to think only of me, and to give up his books !” and she determined, in her own mind, that the books should be unpacked, and arranged in nice order, somewhere or other, although the library was locked up ; and she would have book-shelves prepared for them during his absence.

Then, where would be the best place to put them ? There was a small room off the breakfast-room, opening with glass doors

into the garden. It seemed to have been quite unoccupied of late years, and was crammed with odd, old-fashioned, articles of furniture. These could be all taken out of it, some of the lighter furniture from other parts of the house put in their stead, the book shelves, that she was about to order, placed there, and it would make a charming study for Mr. Morley.

Mr. Morley was no sooner gone, than Julia imparted her plans to Grace, and, after a little consultation, they agreed to walk to Seapoint, and arrange with a cabinet-maker to be at Molesworth Hall about noon on the following day, to take Mrs. Morley's orders for the book-shelves.

This done, the remainder of the day passed away cheerfully. The young girls, Emma and Lucy, were delighted to have dear Mrs. Morley with them, and brought their pet birds, and kittens, and prettiest books, to show her.

No one who had seen her that evening, sitting on a low cushion, listening to Lucy's prattle about her new doll, while little Harry climbed up behind and pulled the comb out of her hair, could have suspected that Julia, innocent-looking as the children who sported around her, was so often a prey to secret self-condemnation.

Grace had prepared herself to expect many painful scenes, during the short time she was to remain at Molesworth Hall—but in this she was agreeably disappointed.

Julia did not allude to their late conversation. Taken up with ordering the bookshelves—which being portable, and made to pack up in a small compass, could be removed at pleasure—and in having the hangings and furniture of the room exchanged for others, which, with the assistance of an old housekeeper, who seemed coeval with the building, she selected from various of

the apartments, she seemed to have her thoughts fully occupied.

Grace had brought, by Mrs. Morley's desire, several books with her, some of a serious nature, others of a lighter description.

Among the former was "The Records of a Good Man's Life," to which Julia lent a willing attention—a sorrowful one, Grace thought.

But they had not a great deal of leisure for reading, as the weather was fine ; and, when not ransacking the house, and having now one, now another, piece of furniture removed to what was to be in future the study, and then, perhaps, the next moment exchanged for something she fancied was prettier or more convenient. Julia liked to be out all day in the air.

Grace hoped that Mrs. Morley's unhappiness was passing away ; but soon she saw

the hidden grief was there still—a chord ready to vibrate at a touch.

“What is the matter with you, dear Julia?—how you weep!—how you tremble!—let me hold your hand,” exclaimed Grace to her, as they passed along a lane which led into the town of Seapoint, the day preceding that on which Mr. Morley was expected home. They were going to see if the bookshelves were completed, Julia was so anxious to have them put up before Mr. Morley’s arrival.

Julia had been quite cheerful the instant before—climbing over the ditch to gather the wild flowers which hung upon its verge.

“It is only that hurdy-gurdy. I cannot tell why it makes me so sad,” and Julia pointed to an itinerant musician who was playing a Swiss air at a little distance, by the road-side; and weeping still, seated herself upon the stump of a tree near her.

Grace could not understand this sudden emotion. If it had been an Irish air it would not have been so difficult; but this was a monotonous foreign air, without any thing striking in it but a plaintive measure.

She did not comprehend the connection which the national music of one country has with that of another. Springing from the same source, it always speaks to the heart; and this rude strain struck on Julia's ear as a death wail over her thoughtless, happy—oh! how happy, young days.

Oh, if the present could be but a dream—a spell! Wake, sad heart, wake!

CHAPTER XVI.

“ O blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he thus occupied enjoys !”

COWPER.

THE book-shelves were placed—the hangings were up—the most comfortable arm-chairs, the most luxurious lounges, had found their way into this pet room.

The carpet which covered the floor, sought out by the old housekeeper from among some tapestry which had been laid by, was green, quaintly embroidered with bunches of violets—such a one as the studious eye would love to rest upon—and accorded well with the French paper, representing the in-

terstices of a wood, with here and there an open vista, giving a peep of rock and water, which covered the walls. Pots of the rarest chrysanthemums, the scarlet geranium, and sweet-smelling heliotrope, adorned the verandah outside the French window, round which a large monthly rose had begun to unfold its delicate flowers.

“Do you not think it looks like a little paradise?” exclaimed Julia, when she had it all arranged to her taste.

“It is certainly the prettiest room in the house,” returned Grace; “there is a beautiful peep from this window, that I have not observed from any of the others. How came it to be turned into a lumber room?” added she, addressing the old housekeeper, who was standing by.

“None of the family liked this room,” replied the housekeeper, “ever since Miss Eleanor died in it. It was her favourite apartment; and when she was not able to

walk, she used to be carried through that door into the garden. Poor young lady ! she faded away with the flowers, and died just when the leaves were done falling, come six years this autumn."

"I think I should have loved the room for her sake, had I been one of the family, and preferred it to every other," observed Mrs. Morley.

"I agree with you," said Grace, "I should have done so likewise ; but grief acts in different ways upon differently constituted minds, and I recollect hearing, with much surprise, that a gentleman, with whom we were acquainted, on the death of his wife, of whom he was passionately fond, had her flower-garden dug up, because he could not bear to look at it."

Mr. Morley arrived early in the afternoon, and Miss Neville was to return home on the following day. He brought several large cases, containing his books, with him, none

of which had been injured by the fire. These, he said, could be put away in a dry place, as he should not unpack any of them ; and on Julia's proposing that they should remain in the unoccupied room looking into the garden, he agreed that they would be quite out of the way there.

Mr. Morley thought Julia looking remarkably well, and in such good spirits. They passed a gay evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Neville, with Emma and Lucy, walked over to tea, when the young ones acted a charade, which they had been very busy, with their mamma's assistance, in getting up during Grace's absence.

On the next morning, Grace and Julia, who had preconcerted the plan, were up by dawn, and got the housekeeper to assist them in opening the cases, and unpacking the books. These were all arranged in order before Mr. Morley, in his usual quiet man-

ner, came down to breakfast, entirely ignorant of what had been going on.

Immediately after breakfast, he prepared to escort Grace back to Woodside, as her mother wanted her at home early.

He expected that Julia would have walked too ; but Julia made some excuse for not accompanying them ; she wanted to spend the time in the new study—to peep into this shelf and that shelf—to put one book here and another there—those must go to the top, and these to the lower shelves.

There were very few handsomely bound volumes amongst them—they were mostly in the old, heavy, substantial vellum bindings ; and upon looking into some of them, Julia found Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Spanish, Arabic, Sanscrit, Italian,—in short, as well as in the dead, works in most of the living languages.

There were several portfolios, filled with manuscripts—these she did not open, but put carefully by themselves into the deep drawers of a handsome escritoire, which she had transported thither from a dressing-room that adjoined one of the state bedrooms.

At length, wearied with climbing up now to that shelf, now to another, Julia sought the drawing-room, and throwing herself on the sofa, fell fast asleep.

When she awoke, she beheld Mr. Morley leaning on the back of the sofa, looking at her :—a smile playing about his mouth, and lighting up his dark eyes.

“What has my Julia been doing, to tire herself so?” said he, laughing; “why I have been standing beside you these ten minutes, and you have slept so soundly!”

Julia sprung from the sofa, and shaking back her glossy ringlets, said,

“Dear Morley, I only closed my eyes for an instant. I am sure you are only come in this minute.”

“Oh, yes, you may tell me so,” said he; “if I had had my pencil at hand, I should have had quite time to sketch you lying asleep. Come, put on your bonnet, and we will take a walk in the shrubbery; while you are preparing, I will go look after my packages.”

“I ordered them to be put in the room I told you of,” she replied.

“Very well, I shall go and see if it has been done,” returned he.

Julia hastened to her room, snatched up her bonnet and shawl, and was down stairs again in an instant. Mr. Morley had opened the door of his new study, and was standing on the threshold, much surprised at what he beheld, when Julia approached.

“Why, my little Julia, what have you

been doing?" exclaimed he, as he heard her step close behind him. "You must have had the genii of Aladdin's lamp to help you. All my books unpacked—arranged in such order, and in such a short time! You little witch, how have you managed it?"

"What a charming room!—the *beau ideal* of a study," continued he, as he entered it; and making Julia sit down on the lounge beside him, he bade her tell him all about it.

And now there was a half hour's conversation relative to the books, and how early Grace and she had risen to unpack them—and of the book-shelves, and if he approved of the carpet and the hangings; and then there was the beautiful view from the windows to point out to him, and so on.

At last, Mr. Morley went to look where she had put his manuscripts.

The portfolios were laid upon the table,

and opened. "And what is that about—and what is this?" said Julia, as she unfolded some of the cramp, closely-written pages before her.

"That is an unfinished paper," returned he. "I had just commenced it before I went to Ireland."

"And this one with the deep margin full of notes—what is this?" inquired Julia.

"Oh, that is a pamphlet, in which I endeavour to show the close affinity which exists between the manufacturing and agricultural interests in this country, and that they can never be safely disunited," replied Mr. Morley, who, all the time Julia was making those inquiries, was slowly turning over a few pages of a thick manuscript before him, which he then pushed away, with something like a half sigh.

"What is that you have been looking at, Everard? Is that, too, a composition of yours?" demanded Julia.

“It is a philosophical inquiry into the causes of the physical changes which have taken place on the surface of the globe, with a disquisition upon the appearance and disappearance of islands and portions of continents at various times,” he replied, gravely.

“That is a deep work, and must require much research,” returned Julia. “Is that what you were employed about last winter?”

“Yes, my dear,” he replied.

“And will you not go on with it?” inquired Julia.

“I am afraid,” he said, hesitatingly, “it would require too much time and study now—more than I could spare from my Julia,” he added, with a smile.

“I should like you to finish it,” said she.

“Would you, indeed?” he replied, his eyes brightening at the thoughts of resuming his beloved pursuits.

He looked again at the title-page of his favourite work—his old hobby. “I must put it by for the present,” continued he; “I had thought to finish it this winter—but now—”

“Now you are married,” said Julia, playfully; “and you imagine a wife will come sadly in the way—that is the case, is it not?” Mr. Morley smiled, but he did not reply. “How can you suppose I would be so ‘selfish?’” she continued, more seriously; “besides, I shall be interested in every thing that interests you.—Look! it is raining fast, we cannot walk; you shall read aloud some of what you have written for me.”

Mr. Morley was much pleased; he had never dreamed of Julia’s taking any interest in his writings, whatever she might do in his drawings; and he did read what he had written of one of the manuscripts for her. Her remarks were more apposite than he had expected.

At length the lecture was finished. Mr. Morley looked up from his manuscripts ; the sky was blue, and the sun was shining in through the window.

“ Come, my dear, you must be well tired of this long prose,” exclaimed Mr. Morley ; “ I must finish writing it one day or other, though. Put on your bonnet, and we will take our walk.”

“ No, not in the least tired of it, I assure you ; I like it very much ; I wish you had completed the article,” returned Julia, tying on her bonnet, and looking like her former happy self. “ I am quite ready ; we shall have a delightful walk by the banks of the river before dinner.”

And Julia was happy all this day—happier than she had been since she first set her foot on English ground.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ ——— Where he enjoys,
With her who shares his pleasures and his heart,
Sweet converse.”

COWPER.

THE following morning was wet ; a settled, drizzling, dreary, wet day.

“ This will be just the day for you to set about completing the unfinished paper you read to me yesterday,” said Julia to Mr. Morley, as soon as the breakfast was over.

“ Do you think so, my dear ?” he replied, walking to the window ; “ it is certainly a most determined rain. I do not see the

least chance of its clearing.—I must go into the study, and give another look at the books you arranged so beautifully for me.”

Julia followed him, and again he admired the room, and owned that he felt more at home with his books about him.

The unfinished manuscript he was reading for her, lay upon the table. Mr. Morley took it up and opened it.

“What will you do, Julia, while I am writing? It will be so dull for you to be all the day by yourself, unless you can find a playfellow in Nina (a little Italian greyhound he had given her), and amuse yourself with her.”

“I do not intend to be alone,” replied Julia, “I will come and sit with you here, while you write.”

Mr. Morley looked grave—“Write with Julia, and Nina in the room!” thought he, “impossible!”

“ I think I must put it aside for to-day, Julia,” said he, giving one longing, lingering look at the manuscript, and then shutting it up. “ It would not do—you have no idea what attention I must bestow on the latter part of this ; a question—a word, and my whole thread of ideas would be broken.”

Julia looked disappointed, and was silent for an instant.—“ Well, I will just bring my embroidery, and sit for half an hour with you, while you are getting your pens, and ink, and paper ready, and then if you find I interrupt you in the least, I will leave you all to yourself.”

Write with Julia at his elbow !—No, he must give up all idea of writing for that day ; some other one, perhaps, when Grace Neville was with her. Julia might relapse into those distressing low spirits, which had made him so anxious of late, if she had no one to converse with ; and then she would

want him to play with her at chess, bagatelle, or backgammon, to while away so dull a day ; he would burn all his papers sooner than see her looking melancholy.

Thus Mr. Morley mused, standing in the middle of the room ; but even while he did so, he became absorbed in the pages of the manuscript which he still held in his hand, and the leaves of which he had begun to turn over mechanically.

“ Ah ! just a little emendation here,” exclaimed he, speaking half aloud, “ and this—how could I make such a mistake in this note !—this must be altered ;” and drawing a chair to the table, he began to make a few marginal corrections. “ I passed over those notes yesterday, when I was reading the paper to Julia,” he continued, still making his observations half aloud, “ yet I wonder such palpable mistakes did not catch my eye.”

When Mr. Morley looked up from his writing table, Julia was sitting in a recess near the window, engaged at her embroidery, and half hidden by the curtain. She had given Nina in charge to the old housekeeper, with an injunction not to allow her to leave her side until she herself went to fetch her.

“Do, dear,” said Mr. Morley, “just look for the Greek Lexicon for me—there are some words in this quotation which I have not spelt right.”

Julia was on a chair in an instant—from thence on a small table, and after much search found the book he wanted.

Half an hour—an hour passed away, and still Mr. Morley wrote, and Julia plied her needle.

The rain had increased, and the heavy drops fell with an unceasing patter.

Mr. Morley looked up again. Still Julia sat there—she had changed her work for a book.

“Can you mend a pen, my dear?” said Mr. Morley.

Yes—Julia could mend pens, and very well too.

“We will have our game at bagatelle soon,” continued Mr. Morley, after he had tried the pen, and pronounced it to be a very good one—“but first you must find me out the second volume of the Spanish edition of *Don Quixote*; there are French and English editions, but neither of them will do; it is a quotation of a Spanish proverb I want.”

Julia was indefatigable in her search; the required volume was at last found.

Again Mr. Morley was immersed in his writing. The clock struck—

“Four o’clock!” exclaimed Mr. Morley, starting up and pulling out his watch. “Is it possible!—How the time has flown! I did not think the day was half over. Instead of the game at bagatelle, I think we might

take a turn in the verandah before dinner, although it still pours rain."

The evening was as wet as the morning—no cessation of the rain the entire day.

Mr. Morley read aloud for Julia one of Walter Scott's novels, which he had commenced before he went over to Wales. This sort of reading—quite new to Julia—captivated her attention, and lulled the spectral thoughts to rest, which so often haunted her mind.

If Mr. Morley was surprised to hear from her, that she had never read any novel but the *Vicar of Wakefield*—given to her by Aunt Milly as a Christmas gift—he was more surprised to find what a quantity of miscellaneous reading she had got through, some of which he should have thought a girl of her age would have found very dull—*Rapin's History of England*—*Clarendon's History of*

the Rebellion—Rollin's Ancient History—all the Spectators, Tatlers, Guardians, Ramblers ;—in short, a whole collection of those old standard works which formed the libraries of our grandfathers a hundred years ago. Then, no such thing as a circulating library was known ; but now—and Mr. Morley was a little puzzled to account for it—now, when circulating libraries are so general every where, how was it that Julia, if she were fond of reading, as she must have been to have waded through such voluminous works, had never been attracted by any of those lighter and fascinating books.

Mr. Morley forgot that in the wild, retired spot where he had found Julia, circulating libraries and book societies were as unknown as they had been here one hundred years ago.

The truth was, that Mr. Morley, captivated at first sight by Julia's beauty, and the

almost child-like innocence of her manners, had neither looked into nor appreciated the capabilities of her mind, and had never suspected her of having read more than her Fairy-tale and Cookery-book, and perhaps a few stray novels.

But now he found that if she had not read Byron, she had Shakspeare by heart. If she had never met with Campbell, or Wordsworth, or Coleridge,—Gray and Collins, Akenside and Thomson, were as familiar to her as household words; and finding that her taste led her to books, he began to anticipate, as an agreeable occupation, the initiating her into the literature of a more modern day.

Besides this, upon a closer examination, Mr. Morley discovered that Julia had scrambled together, somehow or other, a heterogeneous mass of acquirements, which seldom make a part of the education of a girl.

From helping the two elder of her brothers to learn their Latin lessons for the hedge-schoolmaster, who attended them each day for a couple of hours, she had obtained a good knowledge of the Latin grammar, and could construe any easy Latin book.

In the same manner she had learned the first two Books of Euclid—was an adept at arithmetic, and could go through the mysteries of compound fractions, and double false position, with any school-boy.

Then Mr. Morley found that, for a lady, Julia was an admirable chess-player, besides being able to take a hand at backgammon or picquet.

Mr. Morley smiled at all these discoveries. “Latin,” he thought within himself, “will make a good foundation for the modern languages, if we should go abroad by-and-bye. The housekeeping department must necessarily fall upon the lady, it is therefore

an advantage to her to be a clever accountant—but who would ever have thought that my Julia liked working a proposition in Euclid !”

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Far spreading, the untrodden strand
Was bright with shells, and its smooth sand
Seemed silver, where the ebbing wave
A humid lustre to it gave.”

THE wind had been high for a day or two, with occasional violent squalls, and Mr. Morley remarked that it was bad weather for ships coming down channel.

One night the gale had been so boisterous, that in the morning several vessels were seen off the harbour of Seapoint, endeavouring to get in. The pilot boats were immediately sent out, and three or four ships were soon seen lying at anchor alongside of

the quay. They were large merchantmen, outward bound, two of them foreign vessels, and had been obliged by stress of weather to make for Seapoint.

Towards mid-day the storm lulled, and the sun shone forth; the wind, however, had veered, and being now contrary, there was no chance of their getting away until it shifted round again. Seapoint, all that day, was full of foreign-looking sailors.

Mr. Morley and Julia had been engaged for some days to spend this one at Woodside, and dine there. They had, however, settled the night before to send an excuse in the morning, but, on seeing that the weather was clearing up, they resolved to fulfil their promise, and walked over early in the afternoon. They found Grace and her father preparing to walk to a small cove, at a little distance; Grace to look for specimens of shells and sea-weed thrown in by the storm,

and Mr. Neville to see if there were any symptoms of damage done by wreck.

On the appearance of Mr. Morley and Julia, whom, on account of the weather, they had given up all hopes of seeing that day, Grace immediately took off her bonnet and laid aside her shawl ; but Julia insisted upon her resuming them, and proposed, as she did not feel the least tired, that they should both accompany her and Mr. Neville to the sea side.

The walk was but a short one, and having still two hours before dinner time, they proceeded thither accordingly.

The sight of the ocean always filled Julia with an indescribable melancholy. Whether it stretched out before her calm and beautiful, or raised its moaning waves, and threw its white foam upon the rocks, it brought with it the idea of having separated her eternally from all her fresh, young feelings,

and bright sensations of happiness. What had she not suffered since she had passed its dark abyss ! “ But I must not think of all this now,” thought Julia, and she began directly to busy herself in assisting Grace to search for some minute pink shells, which, frequently after a storm, were found imbedded in the fine sand, while the two gentlemen strolled on, talking of the probable devastation made in many parts by the late gale.

Julia was soon tired of looking for the shells, and said she would gather specimens of the sea-weeds and the limpets, which clung to the rocks. She had seen some of those latter with Grace, who was making a collection of all the shells on the coast, and had admired the brilliant hues and delicate shading of their mother-o’-pearl cups.

Thus employed, Julia had separated herself from her companions, and was in the act of endeavouring to disentangle a large

limpet-shell from a mass of sea-weed in which it was embedded, when a step was heard coming round the rock, close to which she was standing, and raising her eyes, she found herself face to face with the identical Captain Jacobs, whose appearance on board the American vessel at Bristol, short as had been the glimpse which she had caught of him, had awakened such fearful thoughts, and raised such a tumult in her soul.

The abrupt turn of the narrow track round the side of the rock, had brought them so close together, that the stranger evidently started, and looked full at Mrs. Morley — then slightly bowing, he passed on.

Was that a scar the terrified Julia saw under his black hair, close to his right eye, or did she fancy it? It did not strike her at the moment, but the thought recurred to her afterwards, and then she recollected

having heard how young M'Donnell had fallen on a marline spike, when he had first gone to sea, and had had a great escape that his eye was not put out.

“What a beautiful bit of sea-weed, and what an immense limpet-shell you have found!” exclaimed Grace, who came up in a minute or two to the rock where the transfixed Julia was standing, as she stooped down and picked up the shell and sea-weed, which Mrs. Morley, in her agitation, had dropped at her feet. “Dear Julia, you are a great deal more fortunate in your search than I have been, who am always hunting after those varieties; but I am afraid the strange-looking man who passed so close to you just now, must have startled you — he seemed as if he walked out of the rock. Did you observe the spy-glass under his arm?—I think he must have belonged to one of those foreign vessels.”

“Yes, he did startle me a little, his appearance was so abrupt,” replied Julia faintly, and endeavouring to recover herself; “I did not perceive the spy-glass.”

“I dare say he has been up on yonder cliff, to make observations on the weather,” returned Grace. “See! Mr. Morley and my father have been speaking to him.”

“Who is the stranger you have been conversing with, papa?” inquired Grace, as soon as they came up with the gentlemen.

“I think he must have been the captain of the American vessel which put in this morning,” returned Mr. Neville. “I was asking him about the storm last night. He says it blew a hard gale, and that they had a narrow escape of the rocks. The wind is veering, he thinks, and he hopes to get to sea early to-morrow.”

“I could not detect any of the *Yankee*

accent about him," observed Mr. Morley, "although there is something that is not exactly English in his pronunciation."

"It is ten to one if he be American born," replied Mr. Neville; "more than half the commanders of the American merchantmen, and the sailors likewise, are either English or Irish."

"He is not by any means vulgar in his address or manner," returned Mr. Morley; "yet there is something of hardihood and recklessness about him, that, methinks, appertains more to what one would imagine to be the bearing of the pirate or the smuggler, than that of the captain of a sober merchantman."

"If the captain of a merchantman should fall in with pirates, he would have to fight, or give up his ship," observed Grace, "so he had better be a man of some mettle."

"Very true, my dear," said her father,

smiling, "and yon captain looks as if he would not give up to any one, without a trial of strength."

Thus they continued to talk, on their way back to Woodside, giving Julia time, in some degree, to recover herself.

"How quickly the wind has changed," observed Mr. Morley, pausing to look up at the clouds, as they were entering the house.

"It is probable those ships will get out of harbour this evening," returned Mr. Neville.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Julia to herself, with a deep sigh.

"Why, my little Julia, you look quite scared," exclaimed Mr. Morley, as, half dead from the exertion she had made to suppress her feelings, Julia sat down for an instant upon one of the hall chairs, and endeavoured, with trembling fingers, to untie the strings of her

bonnet, to relieve her from the sense of suffocation.

“Only fatigued,” murmured Julia, “from climbing up the hill.”

“Confess,” said Mr. Morley, laughing, “that the fierce, pirate-looking captain frightened you. You thought of the old story, ‘open, open sesame,’ when he walked out of the rock, and you expected to see the whole of the forty thieves follow after him. If it had been in the ‘gloamin,’—but to frighten my Julia in the open day!—it was too bad, was it not?”

“You must not rally Mrs. Morley so unmercifully,” said Mr. Neville, “for being fatigued. It is a steep ascent all the way from the beach here. My dear Mrs. Morley, I am really shocked at Grace and myself for permitting you to take such a walk, after having come in from Molesworth Hall the minute before.”

“It was only for an instant or two that I felt out of breath, Mr. Neville; I am quite rested now,” replied Julia, hurriedly. “Dear Grace, do you not think it is time to make our preparations for dinner?” and she rose from her seat, but a giddy sensation in her head made her lay hold of Grace’s arm.

“It was stooping, looking for those shells, that has tired you thus,” whispered Grace, as they left the hall arm in arm; “you will be well again presently, when you lay aside your bonnet and cloak.”

They were soon in Grace’s dressing-room. Julia, pale and quiescent, sat down upon the sofa, while Grace removed her bonnet, rubbed her temples with eau-de-cologne, and made her drink some sal-volatile and water.

“Is the giddiness gone off, dear Julia?” inquired Grace.

“Yes, thank you, quite gone,” replied

Mrs. Morley ; “ I do think it was stooping, picking up those minute shells, though I so soon got tired of searching for them. What an odd-looking man that was, Grace ; did you see him ? had he not a scar near his right eye, just under his hair ? ”

“ O yes, I saw him very plain,” replied Grace ; “ he passed me quite close, and stared at me, I thought, very rudely ; but I see you have transformed him into a Dirk Hatterick ; however, he was not at all a fierce-looking man, and he certainly had no scars upon his face.”

“ Are you sure he had not a scar on the temple, near his right eye ? ” inquired Julia, anxiously.

“ No, indeed he had not,” returned Grace, laughing ; “ this comes of reading romances. I must tell Mr. Morley he ought not to read any more for you.”

“ No, no, you must not mention it,” said

Julia. "Mr. Morley would think me so very silly ;—there, you see I am quite well now ;" and Julia rose from the sofa, and walked to the window. "I will wait for you, until you arrange your hair, and we will go down to the drawing-room together. Do you not think, Grace, the wind is changed ? Look ! those light clouds are passing entirely in an opposite direction to what they did this morning."

"Yes, and there is more breeze," returned Grace, "than when we were out ;—the wind has quite veered round."

Julia was silent all dinner-time ; she attempted to eat, not to appear discomposed.

Mr. Morley and Mr. Neville had fallen into an interesting conversation upon some passing political events, and Mrs. Neville and Grace were attentively listening to them ; Julia's silence, therefore, did not excite remark, and after dinner she endeavoured

to occupy herself with the younger members of the family, who came in with the dessert.

The intermediate time between dinner and tea was soon over, as the days were short, and they had to return home early.

A new idea, started by Mr. Neville, occupied Mr. Morley so completely, that their walk back to Molesworth Hall was passed in an unbroken silence;—each had their own meditations.

Mr. Morley was engaged in considering the possible consequences that might accrue to the country, if a certain measure, lately mooted in parliament, should pass into a law, Mr. Neville having placed it in a light which had not struck him before.

Julia's musings were of a more painful nature.

“My dear,” exclaimed he, starting from his reverie, as they reached the hall door, “what a terribly stupid fellow you must

have thought me, during this walk. The truth is, I have been sketching in my mind a pamphlet, which I shall set about writing to-morrow ; so. prepare, dear, for a dull day."

"I am never dull when with you," said Julia, and she clung closer to his arm.

"You spoil me, Julia," he replied, tenderly ; and he took her hand, and put it to his lips.

"How warm your hand is, dear,—burning hot, this cold night."

"It is the exercise," said Julia ; "we have walked fast."

CHAPTER XIX.

“ But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks in the dew of yon high eastern hill.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ It is a delightful morning, Ma’am,” said Susan, as she drew back the curtains, and opened the window-shutters of Mrs. Morley’s bed-room windows ; “ the trees and shrubs are covered with diamonds, from last night’s frost.”

“ Is it indeed, Susan ?” replied Julia, languidly raising her head from the pillow, where she had passed a restless and uneasy night.

“Yes, Ma’am,” returned the attendant; “and the strange vessels that were driven in yesterday are gone to sea. They looked beautiful going out of the harbour, with their large sails set; and now you can hardly see their top-sails.”

“Thank God!” secretly ejaculated Julia, clasping her hands. “How dreadful to see him again!” and she hid her face on the pillow.

Julia was later than usual at the breakfast-table. Her sleepless night had induced a heavy, though unrefreshing slumber in the morning, and she had dispatched her toilet as quick as possible, fearing that her husband would be tired of waiting for her.

She found him, however, absorbed in a book when she entered the breakfast-room, without any symptoms of impatience, and not thinking in the least of his breakfast. He just raised his eyes for an instant when

he heard her open the door, smiled, and nodded, and continued his study.

The bell was rung. The tea-urn was brought in. Julia made the tea. Then came the coffee and toast, and muffins. Julia looked over at Mr. Morley, but Mr. Morley read on.

Julia waited a little while—she was almost afraid to speak—she did not like to hear the sound of her own voice, she felt so sad.

“Breakfast is ready, Everard,” at length she said. “What are you reading so intently?—shall I fill out your coffee?”

“Have I kept you waiting?—how careless I am—pray forgive me, dear,” returned Mr. Morley, laying his book aside, and taking his place at the breakfast table.

“I have been reading a curious history, in an old magazine which I happened by chance to open, of two men—not related in the remotest degree—who were so exactly

alike, that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. Even the wife, who had lived with him many years, and had every reason, from his long absence, to suppose her husband was dead, imagined that it was this lost husband, resuscitated, who presented himself before her."

Julia's hand trembled so violently, that she could hardly put the cup to her lips.

"It is not a real fact, is it?" she at length articulated.

"Yes, my dear, a real fact, and well authenticated. It took place in France, and the details are very curious," replied Mr. Morley.

"Then he was not her husband—the man who came back?" Julia said, with startling earnestness, and with such a tremor in her voice, as made Mr. Morley lay down his knife and fork, and say, laughing:—

"Why, Julia, you look as much fright-

ened as if there was necromancy in the case — some strange power of assuming likenesses, such as one reads of in the Arabian Nights, or the Persian Tales. Confess, now, that you are thinking how dreadful it would be if, as it happened to the unfortunate queen Zemroude, the soul of another man should have animated the form of her husband. But it was no such thing, my dear ; there was no sorcery or unhallowed art in it ; it was one of those strange freaks of nature which do certainly sometimes occur—that of two forms being moulded so exactly alike as to be unrecognizable the one from the other.”

Julia had recovered, in some degree, her self-possession while he spoke.

“It seemed so extraordinary an incident, that I own I was startled at your account of it at first,” she replied, in her usual voice.

The entrance of a servant with letters and

newspapers turned the conversation, and no more was said upon a subject which had an interest for Julia, and gave her scope for meditations of which Mr. Morley little dreamed.

Julia seized upon the magazine at the first opportunity, and read the details of the trial over and over again, with an intense curiosity. She saw the possibility of two persons being so exactly alike as to deceive their nearest relations.

The recollection of hearing of such resemblances had often served to soften the terrors of her mind before ; but nothing so minute in its particulars, and so well attested as this trial, had she ever heard or read. And this true history, buried in the oblivious pages of an old magazine, although it could not obliterate, lessened the weight of agony and self-reproach, called up anew by the apparition of yesterday.

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And now the winter gradually stole away. Mr. Morley had returned to his old pursuits, and several hours of every day were spent in writing.

No matter if it was wet, or if the snow lay on the ground, the hours flew by unmarked, while, surrounded by his books and manuscripts, he sat luxuriously ensconced in an arm chair before his study fire.

Julia had taught Nina to forget all her playful tricks for the time, and to lie perfectly still upon the soft hearth-rug, while she herself, employed upon her needle-work or book, was always at hand to aid Mr. Morley in his search through various authors for references or quotations. Sometimes he would read aloud a passage he had written, and ask her opinion—at other times she would look for, and read for him, any extracts he might want.

Thus the day was spent to Mr. Morley's

perfect satisfaction, and the evenings he devoted entirely to Julia, either by playing chess or backgammon, or by reading aloud some entertaining work of fiction.

Sometimes, but not very often, they mingled in the society at Seapoint; and this they did rather from the impossibility of always refusing, than from liking to go out; for to Julia—ever wrestling with a secret unhappiness—other society than that of her husband and the Neville family was irksome; while Mr. Morley, from his natural fondness for a retired life, found himself happier at home than any where else.

If the weather was at all fine, Grace Neville was sure to walk over to Molesworth Hall two or three times in the week to see Julia, and then Mr. Morley was left to himself; but, some how or other, he did not find that his writing progressed the quicker for Julia's absence.

Grace was pleased to see that Julia had either become more even in her spirits, or was able to put her feelings under greater restraint, and that her conversation took a less melancholy turn than formerly.

The fondness of those two young people for each other's society increased at every meeting ; and now music—for Julia had begun to take some lessons from her young friend on the guitar—assisted in filling up their time agreeably.

Perhaps their hearts were drawn closer together from an intuitive perception that the world had lost its charms for both.

Each felt that the other had some secret cause of unhappiness—some drop of bitterness at the bottom of her cup—some corroding sorrow lurking in the scarcely unfolded blossom of her youth, which was hidden from all eyes but her own, and those of the Almighty God who made her.

Each pondered what it could be which rendered the other so regardless of those pleasures which have usually attractions for the young.

“Though Grace is so good,” thought Julia, “almost too perfect, for I cannot see a fault in her, and cares not in the least for dancing and amusement, it is not because she thinks it wrong, that she refrains from them, for she likes to see and to encourage the innocent gaiety of others. No, it must be some disappointment of the heart—some young affection nipped in the bud, which makes her so indifferent about entering into society. So young—so good—so fair; who can hope for happiness, if Grace Neville does not obtain it? I remember, in mentioning the inhabitants of Seapoint, Mr. Morley talked of a handsome Mr. Carrington, whom he used to meet occasionally at Woodside, before he came over to Ireland, and who

has since been appointed to a chaplaincy in India by the Bishop of Calcutta, with whom he went out. I observe Grace has never once mentioned his name to me, or alluded to him in any way, although she must have been well acquainted with him. And I remember one day, when we stopped to inquire of old Adam Carter, who is sometimes employed about the shrubberies, how his sick grand-child was, he began to talk of his dear old master's son, now away in foreign parts, and what a kind friend he had been to him, and how his aged eyes would never be blessed with a sight of him again, and he ended with,—‘ Ah ! Miss Grace, you knew him well when you were playmates together.’ Grace’s eyes filled with tears—she changed colour, and then grew pale as death. Perhaps there might have been some early attachment between them ; yet as she has never spoken of it, it is a subject I dare not touch on.”

Grace had her thoughts of Julia, but they came not so near the truth as Julia's did with respect to her, and they only served to entangle her more and more in an inextricable maze of conjectures. Julia's obvious love and deference for her husband forbade the idea of a prior attachment ; yet the heavy clouds which by fits and starts still obscured the brightest moments, showed but too clearly that her heart was ill at ease.

As the spring advanced, Mr. Morley relaxed in his literary labours, and betook himself to his fishing-rod and sketch-book.

He had given up a great deal of time and thought to the philosophical work he had in hand, and he felt that such constant application produced lassitude towards the evening, followed by sleepless nights.

Julia, too, was within doors a great deal, and he did not think it agreed with her,

and it was an increase of satisfaction to him to find that she took as lively a concern in his out-door amusements as in his literary toils.

No companion could be so interested in his sport as was Julia when he fished, or arrange his flies and tackle with so adroit a finger. None had so true an eye for perspective, or could catch at a glance the effect he wished to produce when he sketched; and if she did look faint and weary after a long walk, she could ride miles after miles with him without being tired.

How was it that he had ever been able to exist without Julia?

Yet with all this participation in his pursuits—this love for a husband so fondly attached to her—whenever Julia's thoughts reverted to herself, she felt that she was the most unhappy of earth's creatures. A cankering care — notwithstanding all her

efforts to stifle it, and though she wrestled against it with a strong hand—was ever preying at her heart.

Perhaps the time when Julia was freest from this carking care — this hidden terror of the soul since her arrival in England, was during a short illness which Mr. Morley had early in the spring, in consequence of being thrown from his horse.

A slight concussion of the brain, brought on violent headaches — so violent that for three weeks he could not bear the light, and was obliged to recline upon the sofa in a darkened room.

At this period Julia, entirely forgetful of herself, thought of nothing but her husband and how to amuse him. If he could bear a little light into the apartment, she would read for him hour after hour, in her soft, clear tones—never wearied, until he was tired of listening. If he preferred to be without

light, or if he was not in the humour for books, then she would tell him tales strange and wild — such as she had heard in her childhood from the old wives, by the nursery fire—with a flow of imagination and a perspicuity of diction which an eastern storyteller might have envied; or she would sing for him one of the touching ballads which had first taught him that music had a charm for him.

Thus wrapt up in her husband—fearful of the consequences of his fall — employed about him, or for him, every hour, every moment in the day—without thoughts, or hopes, or wishes for any thing else—Julia saw nothing, heard nothing, dreamed of nothing, but him.

CHAPTER XX.

“ He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter’d boots, strapp’d waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb’ring at his back.

Messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indiff’rent whether grief or joy.”

COWPER.

IT was towards the middle of the spring, that one morning, after the postman’s usual knock had been heard at the door, Julia saw Mr. Morley looking serious and discomposed, as he perused a letter which the servant had just laid before him.

“ Julia, my love,” said he at length turn-

ing to her with an expression of tenderness and concern in his eyes, “this letter is from your Aunt Milly, to say that your father has been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and he requests to see us, if we can possibly go over. Do you think, dear, you could make arrangements to start in a few hours? the steamer sails from Bristol to-morrow.”

Julia had turned very pale — she was warmly attached to her father. The unhappy promise which he had extorted from her, and the consciousness of having done wrong in making it, although it had prevented her from often speaking of him to her husband, had not lessened her affection towards him. Filial love threw a veil over any defects in his character, and Julia only remembered his unvarying fondness and indulgence.

“My poor father!” exclaimed she, her

eyes streaming with tears, "oh let us go to him at once. I shall be quite ready in half an hour—will you not read Aunt Milly's letter for me? Oh, I fear he is very, very ill."

"Do not flurry yourself, dearest. You shall read Aunt Milly's letter yourself. I think, on considering the symptoms she mentions, that she is too fearful on your father's account. I do not think his state is so dangerous as she appears to imagine—you see the doctor says he is a little better."

"A shade," said Julia despairingly, after she had looked over the letter.

"At all events, dear, we will lose no time—I will send this instant to order the carriage to be at the door in two hours—this will give you time to pack up your things, and we shall be at Bristol early in the evening."

It was come at last—the moment that Julia had looked to so long, as the only

chance of clearing up all her doubts and fears—she was soon to see her father. But, alas ! how should she find him ? Would he be able to listen to her now — to understand the new ground of her terrors — to make the inquiries she wanted him to do—to release her from the promise by which he had bound her ?

Perhaps, on seeing the dreadful perplexity she was in, he would take pity on her—for he had always been a kind father—and informing Mr. Morley of the predicament in which she stood, they might unite their endeavours to satisfy her of the truth of young M'Donnell's death ; and though the disclosure of so unjustifiable a concealment would shock her husband's pride, and humiliate her to the dust, she felt she could reckon upon the love he bore her, and that were she in reality his lawful wife, his love would suffer no diminution.

Such were some of the thoughts, mingled with the natural grief occasioned by her parent's sudden illness, which passed and re-passed through Julia's mind, while she made her hurried preparations. The only point in which Mr. Morley had ever crossed Julia's inclinations since they were married, was, when a short time previous to this, she had hinted a great desire to pay a visit to Ireland. He had then listened to her intimation of it with such surprise and coldness, that she had not dared to repeat her wish.

This wish had become latterly, if I may call it so, a part of her existence — a hope to feed upon ; and perhaps it was from her intense eagerness to gratify it, and a dread of a positive refusal, that she did not attempt to press it too much. She could then explain to her father, what she dared not write—she could kneel at his feet and entreat him to rescind the fatal oath by

which he had bound her. There were questions—there were suspicions which she could not put upon paper.

Once, she had hinted something of mental uneasiness, but he had never replied to it; and, indeed, any correspondence on the subject was out of the question, as, in the first weeks of her union with Mr. Morley, she had naturally shown him whatever letters she received, and this confidence had become so habitual, that it was now impossible to break through it, particularly as she had heard him say there should be no concealments between married people.

Their journey was a speedy one, thanks to railroads and steam, and the third day saw them approaching Grahame Hall.

As they turned up the old avenue, Julia could not control her agitation—now all hopes—now all fears—

Oh! if she could find her dear father

better, and have one half hour's conversation with him relative to those suspicions which burned and devoured her heart !

The carriage stopped at the hall door—Julia sprang out—the place had a forlorn, deserted look—all was silent, no one was to be seen—she rushed into the hall.

Little Thady flew out of a side door, and hung sobbing upon her neck. Julia could hardly articulate, “How is papa?” He had died the preceding night, the boy said, and Julia fell senseless upon the floor.

Poor Julia !—she was spared the melancholy sight of the funeral ceremonies and the distressing events which followed, for a violent fever confined her to her bed for three weeks.

Mr. Grahame had died deeply in debt, and everything was seized upon by the creditors.

When Julia was recovered sufficiently to be able to converse, she had a great many particulars to be made acquainted with.

She knew that her uncle and cousins, the Nugents of Ash Hill, had sailed for Port Philip the previous month — Jane had written her a long letter just before their departure—and that Aunt Milly had taken up her abode with Mr. Grahame.

Mr. Nugent's affairs had become so involved that he had been obliged to emigrate, and Julia had feared that her father's must be in nearly as bad a condition — still she was not prepared for the total ruin which ensued.

Aunt Milly could give them but little information upon the subject, except that her poor brother had expressed a great desire to see Mr. Morley before he died. She thought it was particularly on account of the boys, who she feared must be left nearly penniless. Had he been spared, and could he have managed it, she knew that he too had an idea of taking his family to Australia.

On looking into the affairs, and consulting with the solicitor, Mr. Morley found that Aunt Milly's conjectures were true. Not an acre could be saved of the property. Every thing was mortgaged. Julia's five thousand pounds, which were settled on her at her mother's marriage, were alone untouched.

"Julia could do without the five thousand pounds," Mr. Morley said; "it would be some small provision for the other children." And he set about disposing of it immediately, with the assistance of the solicitor and Aunt Milly.

The latter, who had a small annuity for her life, and was about to engage lodgings in the village, said she would take little Sam home with her, and send him to a day-school for a year or two.

The other boys were to be started in life in various ways. The two elder ones were eager to go out to their uncle in Port Philip,

and try their fortunes in the bush. Another had set his heart upon being a midshipman. Mr. Morley would see what he could do among his naval friends for him. Thady he thought he might be able to get into the Blue-coat school, and until this was done, Aunt Milly offered to take charge of him as well as of little Sam.

Julia had a great deal to hear from Aunt Milly respecting her cousins, as soon as she was recovered sufficiently to take an interest in anything.

The good lady had nursed her with unwearied care day and night, and now, as she sat by the couch on which the languid invalid lay, she told her of Jane's tears and Mr. Somers' despair at their parting, and how if Jane would have consented, Mr. Somers would have prevented her accompanying her family to Port Philip, by making her his wife at once, although he had nothing

in the world but his curacy. Jane, however, notwithstanding her strong attachment, had too much good sense and feeling to permit him to involve himself in such hopeless difficulties as would accrue by their marrying on a curacy. So an engagement had taken place between them, which Mr. Nugent had limited to five years, and in this space of time Mr. Somers hoped to be able to obtain some small preferment.

Jane had not mentioned all this in her letter, Julia said—she had never alluded to Mr. Somers at all—she had only spoken of the deep regret she felt at leaving Ireland.

“Poor Jane!” replied Aunt Milly, “her heart was too sad to write about it.”

“And Ellen, Mary, and James—were they pleased with the prospect of going to a new country?” demanded Julia.

“O yes,” replied Aunt Milly, “James has visions of wealth—of countless flocks and

herds, and of returning in a few years, and of re-purchasing Ash Hill if he likes. I know that you will be glad to hear that he had quite got over a certain disappointment"—(with a little mysterious nod).

A faint flush crossed Julia's cheek.

"As to Ellen and Mary, they look for a paradise in the wilderness—a revival of the old patriarchal times—blue heavens for ever smiling on them above—enamelled meadows and shady groves beneath—with shepherds piping to them in the vale, while they, as shepherdesses, help to mind the flocks. Poor things! I fear they will be sadly disappointed. From what I can learn, a settler's family—unless they take out a good sum of money, which Mr. Nugent has not been able to do—have innumerable difficulties to contend with. Thanks to my care, who have had the charge of them since their mother's death, they are all clever at

housekeeping, and at their needles, and can teach the servants, if they get any out there, how to cook, to knit and to spin. Formerly, I never dreamed that they might be obliged to turn such knowledge to account, but instructed them, according to my old-fashioned idea, that time spent in acquiring any thing useful is never lost.”]

Thus chatted the good Aunt Milly, endeavouring to divert Julia's thoughts by imparting various particulars relative to her cousins, and dwelling with much minuteness upon the present disappointments and future anticipations of Jane and Mr. Somers. So attached was the latter to Jane, that were it not for her positive prohibition, he would have relinquished at the last moment his curacy and whatever prospect of preferment he might have in the diocese, and following them to Port Philip, have taken his chance for obtaining a chaplaincy there.

Julia recovered but slowly, and her inability to travel for a few weeks, gave Mr. Morley full leisure to make the arrangements he proposed for all the young Grahames.

This melancholy sojourn, however, instead of restoring Julia's strength, served only to nourish a grief which, much as she lamented her father's death, from motives of filial tenderness, had another source increasing that grief in a tenfold degree.

Nothing could have enabled her to bear up against it, but the lively gratitude which was now added to the affection she bore her husband ; and seeing that every thing around tended to bring recollections and regrets before her, which were best forgotten, she was the first herself to propose that they should return to England.

Now that her poor father was no longer there, Grahame Hall had lost all its attractions, while the idea that it was shortly to

pass out of a family, of which it had for centuries been the residence, enveloped every spot with a deeper gloom.

If the fields, with their ancient fences, from which protruded unmolested the ivied trunks and fantastic branches of the ash tree, the beech, and the crab,—if the wild paths through the copse wood, the abbey, and the silvery stream, flowing as tranquilly as if no change was about to take place in the possessors of the soil,—brought before her the remembrance of her childish sports, and of the day in which she first saw Mr. Morley, other portions of the building and grounds were fraught with desolating recollections.

Oh ! for one draught of the waters of oblivion, to forget them all !

Her two elder brothers left Grahame Hall for Australia while Julia was with them, and their parting was a sad one.

Redmond, the eldest, although it was his own proposition, and although—thanks to Mr. Morley's disinterestedness—he was going thither with better prospects than he could at first have expected, inasmuch as he had now a small capital to work upon, was unable to suppress his natural regrets at this expatriation from a spot which, from childhood, he had been led to look upon as his proper heritage.

There was not a tree, a shrub, an old fence, or even a ruined wall, that did not possess a claim upon his sympathies.

That crumbling abbey had been built by a progenitor ages ago, and his father's great-grandfather had erected the present mansion-house, although now looking so time-worn, upon the foundation of one still more ancient. Yon aged oak tree, which he had so often climbed for acorns, when a little urchin scarcely able to speak plain, had

showered down its acorns and spread its branches over the heads of countless of his forefathers, whom it had looked on in the bud and blossom of youth, and in the grey hairs of old age—but it would never look upon his grey hairs. *His* children would never tie their fishing flies upon the green knoll beneath it, or try how many little hands could gird its ample trunk.

No—he should never see the dear old place again ; he had not the same sanguine anticipations that cousin James had. He must build a new home afar, where the oak tree grew not, and where no silvery stream, famed for trout, stole softly through the fragrant herbage.

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Nor was young Redmond single in his regrets and retrospections, as he paced back-

wards and forwards upon the deck of the emigrant ship.

A weary man was there, who leaned day after day over the side of the vessel, with his eyes fixed upon the billowy surge. He had tried his fortune in a distant country, and had at last, with a sick heart, sought again his old home, but it was gone ; and now across the ocean, in another strange land, he must seek a new home.

Thus ran his meditations, as, with arms folded upon his breast, he watched the rolling waves.

“ Fair wert thou, my old home—fair were thy rocks, thy woods—fair thy dark bounding river—fair the ivied walls of thy old castle—fair thy winding paths and bowery thickets. Haunts of my bright young days ! Love of my young heart !

“ Beautiful scenes have I seen in other lands, but thou wert beauty. Peaceful

spots have I lingered in, but thou wert peace.

“ Music—Nature’s music was in thee, for on thy breezes did the softest sounds linger, and from every brake and bush carolled forth the thrush and blackbird. Over thee hung, in the bluest of skies, light clouds, changeful and flitting with a thousand rainbow hues. The spirit of poetry slumbered amidst thee. Fair was thy dawn of morning, and still fairer was thy eve.

“ Other steps than mine will tread thy inches—other eyes than mine will look upon thy ancient ash and beech trees, and upon the shrubs and flowers I saw planted. But wherefore regret thee, my old home?—short will be my pilgrimage; and if spirits are permitted to revisit this earth, thee after death again will I see—again in spirit haunt thee. Or if the fairest spots in earth are

but shadows of the things in Heaven, thy prototype shall I behold in a better land—oh ! my old home—Love of my young heart !”

CHAPTER XXI.

“ Oh ! is there not in infant smiles
A witching power, a cheering ray,
A charm that every care beguiles,
And bids the weary soul be gay ?”

THOMAS GENT.

JULIA was soon to be a mother, and this prospect opened a new world of hopes and fears to the heart of Mr. Morley.

Circumstances had occurred, which made him anxious to have an heir. A cousin had lately died of malignant fever, while travelling through Egypt, whither he had gone to dissipate grief, occasioned by the loss of two promising boys in the small pox.

These three premature deaths left Mr. Morley, after the decease of the present baronet, who was in his seventy-ninth year, the next inheritor to the estates and ancient baronetage of Morley.

This near prospect of elevation to a title which he had never either looked for nor coveted, naturally brought with it new hopes and new plans.

Far from participating in the wishes of her husband, Julia felt a sort of terror at the idea of her child being a boy.

Ever since her father's death, a hopelessness of having her doubts put to rest, as to who the Captain Jacobs might really be whom she had so unfortunately seen, haunted her mind, and, together with her obligation to keep a secret from her husband, which she felt ought to be revealed to him, weighed heavily upon her sick heart, both in her waking and sleeping hours.

And now to have a child—an heir. To have this innocent little creature's legitimacy perhaps one day called in question—to bring a bitter disappointment, as well as all the horrors attending such an exposure, upon her husband's head ; those ideas well nigh maddened the unhappy Julia, whenever they came across her.

In her country walks with Mr. Morley, how did she envy every homely peasant woman, surrounded by her healthy, happy-looking, half-clothed children, that she saw by the way. How often did she wish that Mr. Morley could change place with the careful husbandman who laboured in the field, and that she, his faithful and undoubted wife, might cook his humble dinner, and minister to his and their children's wants, safe and sheltered from this dreadful consciousness which made her life a life of bitterness ! Deep agony of the heart !—fatal secret !—O

burdensome life, thou art too heavy to bear !

Yet Julia talked calmly, and tried to smile, and clung closer than ever to her adoring husband, while those sad thoughts were chasing each other through her mind.

Those thoughts were never absent ; they were there in a sort of perpetuity. She visited in society, and appeared like other people, only perhaps that she was gentler, kinder, more fragile-looking—still they were there. In solitude, in company, in the church or at the festival—still they were there.

This consciousness of crime (though crime forced upon her), this humility, this secret contrition, this patience, at once so removed her from the trivialities of life, threw such sweetness into her manner, and softened her heart into such compassion for the misfortunes of others—though other people's woes seemed but like drops of water compared to

the ocean of her misery—that every one who made her acquaintance felt drawn towards her by some secret spell which they could not understand ; and those who only heard of her from their friends, were eager to be introduced to her.

Mr. Morley was pleased with this attraction which his gentle, unassuming Julia exercised over all who came within her circle.

We like others to admire a gem which we prize ourselves, and the music most grateful to the ear is the praise of those we love.

END OF VOL. I.

J. BILLING,
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